The Beaver

AUTUMN 1980

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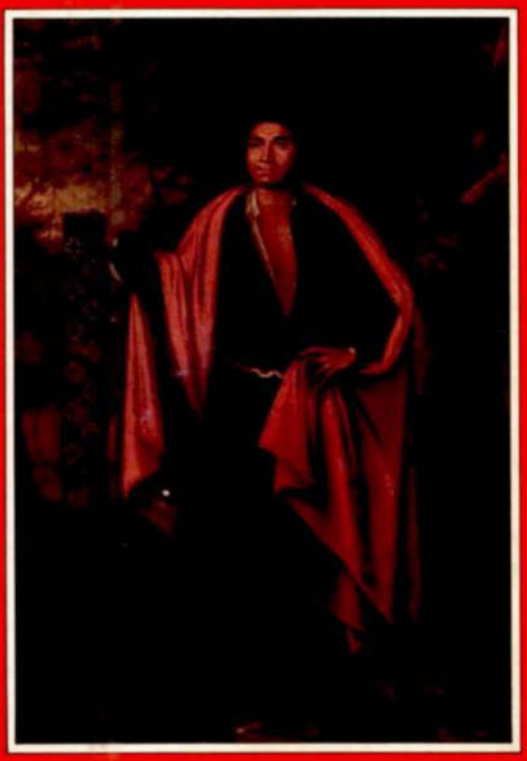
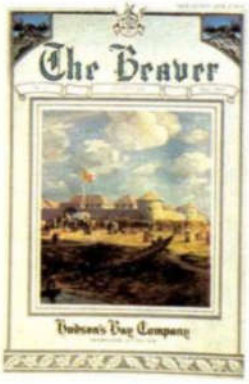


60th Anniversary

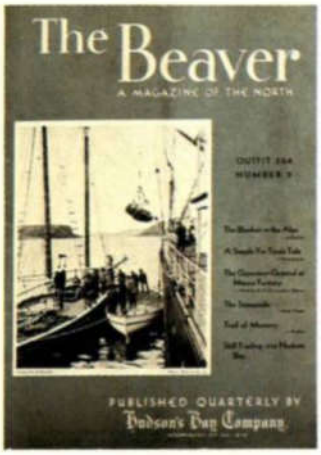
Special Issue

Sixty Years of 'The Beaver'

ON THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1920 the Governor, Sir Robert M. Kindersley — a 'self-made man' who had begun his career in a British shipping house — proposed that the staff should have a family magazine of their own.



In October that year the first issue of *The Beaver*, with a run of 2,500 copies, came from the Winnipeg presses of Saults and Pollard. It carried the Governor's portrait on the cover and a feature on the Governor's son who, at 21, had just completed a three-thousand-mile journey by canoe from Athabasca Landing to Old Crow in the Yukon. The Company's long fur-trade history was acknowledged in extracts from the York Factory Journal of 1801: details of furs traded, chimneys mended and bear meat put up to dry. For sales staff, there was instruction: 'Customers first — All else next' and for management there were suggestions from staff in a feature called 'Open Forum'.



The original small issues (6¾ by 10 inches) were published monthly and carried a nominal price of 10¢ a copy. After three years *The Beaver* became a quarterly but continued in the small format until 1933. At that time an evaluation of the magazine was made. The editor, Douglas MacKay, author of the best-selling book *The Honourable Company,* concluded that the vast majority of the staff — the store employees — were only mildly pleased with *The Beaver;* it did not 'grip' them. He recommended that the stores have individual news sheets but that *The Beaver* be continued as a quarterly publication, still available to staff on request, and to anyone else who wished to subscribe at the rate of $1 a year. The objective of the magazine was to tell the story of the north country, but at the same time to retain something of the character of a fur-trade journal.

In September 1933 the first issue of *The Beaver* in its present size appeared, and by December 1935 it had 471 paid subscribers. In the early years the bulk of the run (11,114 of 12,620 copies printed in December 1938) was sent out with the compliments of the Company to newspapers and periodicals, government embassies and libraries. As the magazine became known, the balance of paid to complimentary subscriptions was soon reversed. Readers with an appetite for history and stories of the northern wilderness and Arctic regions became willing subscribers. (In 1942 an Inuit hunter from Victoria Island sent in a white fox fur to launch his subscription; his visitors enjoyed the pictures.) On the 25th anniversary of the periodical in 1945 subscriptions had risen to 6,320, and today its paid circulation is over 33,000.

The articles chosen for this commemorative issue are not necessarily the best of *The Beaver*. Rather, they are a balanced sampling of the lively and authoritative articles that have been gathered together in the pages of *The Beaver* over the past six decades. □

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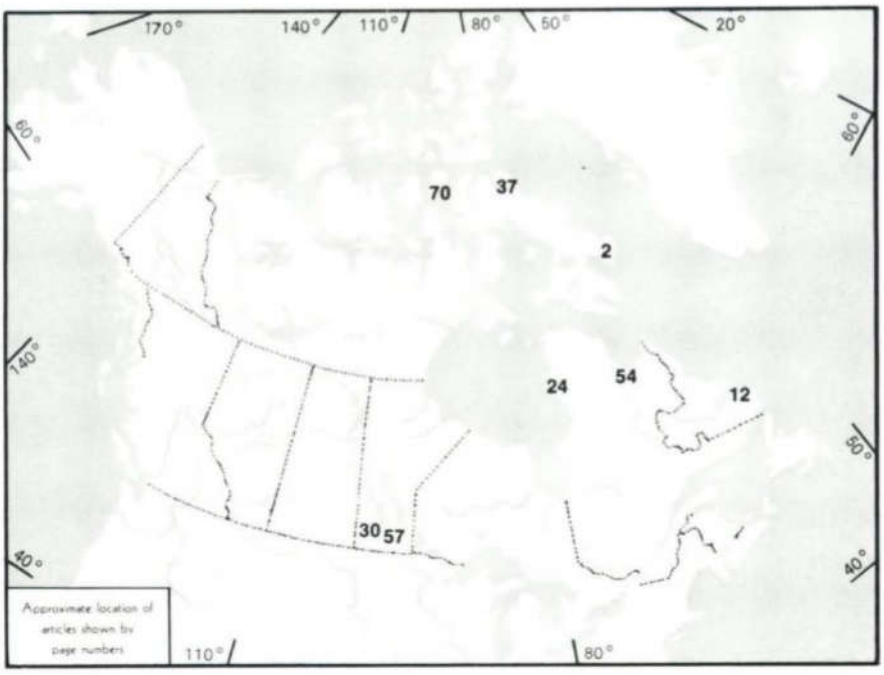
**60TH ANNIVERSARY
SPECIAL ISSUE**

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Editor: Helen Burgess



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COVER: Portrait by John Vereist of Te Ye Neen Ho Ga Prow, Emperor of the Six Nations. He holds a wampum belt and behind him is the wolf of his clan.
Public Archives of Canada

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BY MARGARET MEAD

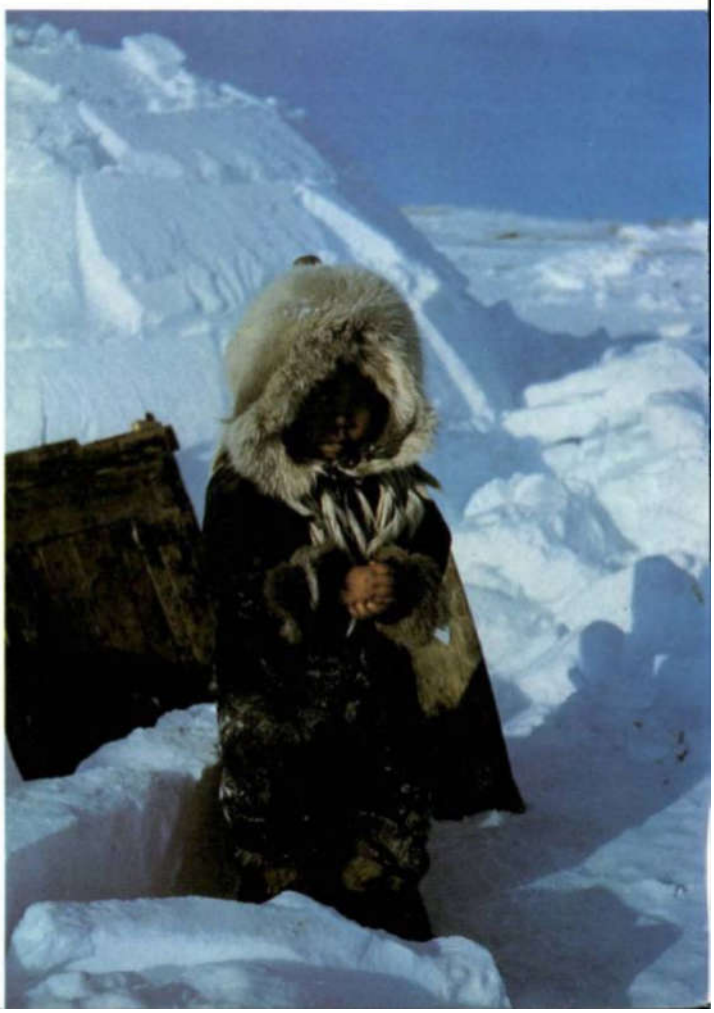
Distinguished American anthropologist Margaret Mead (1901-1978) was, at the time of writing this article, associate curator of ethnology at the American Museum of Natural History.

Colour photographs by Guy Mary-Rousselière.

Eskimo Life A Century Ago

In 1883, a young scientist named Franz Boas sailed to Baffin Island to study the geography of Cumberland Sound and Davis Strait. Out of this exploratory journey, during which Boas lived and travelled with the Eskimos and worked out with them the difficult problems of mapping, there came also the first systematic study of Eskimo culture and a new conception of how an anthropologist should go about his task.

Margaret Mead, who studied for her Ph.D. under the guidance of Franz Boas at Columbia University, drew principally on his monograph 'The Central Eskimo' (Sixth Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, 1888) for this chapter of a book written for children. At that time although the Inuit of Cumberland Sound had long been in contact with European whalers and traders, those who went into the Arctic regions lived best when they adapted to the Inuit mode of living; and so life continued relatively unchanged until after World War II.



THE ESKIMOS live on the northernmost margin of the New World, along the coasts and on the peninsulas and islands of the Arctic Sea, above the line where trees will grow. They have learned how to live in a world where in the farthest north there are four months when the sun does not rise above the horizon, and there are but two months when the sun shines the day around and there are no frosts. Though the weather is milder on the Canadian coast than on the islands of the High Arctic, the time when the waters are open, when the shores are free of ice, when gay flowers bloom and the air is filled with the cries of birds, is everywhere short. During most of the year the Eskimos live very close to danger — danger of being caught in blinding storms, danger of being marooned on breaking sea ice, danger of starving to death when wild weather keeps the hunters home or there are no animals about. Then they live so close to death that they cannot afford to care for their old people, who themselves ask to be allowed to die rather than become a burden on the group. The dogs that pull the sledges are precious as life, for without them hunters can move only a little distance in winter; yet sometimes people have to choose between death and eating their dogs. In a disaster they may have to choose between cannibalism and death. No people we know about face a harder life, a life that requires more continuous alertness, bravery and fortitude.

Yet the Eskimos are also an exceedingly cheerful, hopeful, and hospitable people. Even though it is hard work to get food, they welcome visitors. Even though travelling is dangerous, especially when just one family travels alone for many weeks across frozen wastes, the Eskimos travel a great deal, sometimes on trips that take several years. Even though finding food — seals or walruses, bears or whales, caribou or fish or birds — is something they have to think about almost all the time, you would never guess that they were worried if you came into a snow house in the evening after a day of good hunting. For then, coming in from the cold and dark, you would find half the people of the settlement crowded on the platforms, small babies and puppies crawling about among the visitors, the air warmed, and the arched walls lighted by the lamps. The men

Caribou skin clothes the Eskimo family.

might be gambling, throwing little carved ivory animals for dice. Some women might be trying out tongue twisters, each shouting louder and faster than the one before. Others might be making string figures. Or everyone might be listening to a story-teller, each one eating a delicious bit of frozen meat cut off from a chunk as it was passed from hand to hand.

There are many interesting things about the Eskimos — how they build their houses, how they dress, how they travel with their teams of fierce dogs, how they hunt on the sea in a kayak, the little skin canoe into which a man's body fits like a stopper. But perhaps most interesting of all is the way human beings have learned to live together under such very difficult conditions, and all their lives keep up the hard fight against cold and famine and disaster.

There are in all about 50,000 Eskimos who live in the great stretch of land between Greenland and the Bering Sea, not in every part of this vast area, but wherever it is possible to get a living from the sea and the shore, the rivers and lakes and treeless plains. Starting from Greenland and making his way across the mainland or the Arctic islands to Alaska, an Eskimo could speak his own language all the way. However, as he moved from one little tribe to another he would find many differences in the way people live. But he would also find much that was familiar. In general, he would know how to hunt. He would know what to do when a whole settlement joined together to drive a great herd of caribou into a

Making an oil lamp from soapstone.

The light, skin-covered kayak for hunting on water.

narrow valley or into a stream or pond where hunters waited to spear the animals. He would know how to move on ice so that to a seal basking near its hole he would look like another seal. He would know how to hunt down sea birds when they were losing their summer feathers and could swim and dive but could not fly away. He would know how to set his team of dogs jumping and snapping at a polar bear until he could move in and spear it. But he would realize that this was not enough. If he was to be successful, he would have to learn about the exact conditions of land and sea and ice in each place. If he travelled far from home, it would not be enough for him to know how to make out of driftwood the kind of harpoon shaft or bow used by his little tribe. For after he had travelled a thousand miles, his harpoon shaft might break or his bow be lost. Then, if there was no driftwood, he would have to make a new harpoon shaft or a new bow out of caribou antler in the way the people he was visiting made theirs.

Every Eskimo boy learns to hunt and fish, to manage a dog team, to make a kayak and a sledge, to make his own tools and his own weapons — harpoons and spears and bows — and to build a house all by himself. In fact, every Eskimo boy learns to do everything that every man does except talk to the spirits. And every Eskimo girl learns to do everything that every Eskimo woman does: to dress skins and to make clothes and boots and tents, to prepare meat and cook, to take care of the children, and in an emergency to do the things that a man does. The toys children play with are miniatures of the very things that men and women use for work.

A man and his wife — or wives — make a complete team, each necessary to the other. The man makes the wooden frame of his hunting kayak, but the skin cover is made by the woman. The woman fashions the skin tent in which the family lives in the short summer, and it is hers; but the man must give her the skins for it, and he makes and owns the tent poles. The man makes the bone needles the woman needs for sewing. He also makes out of soapstone the lamp and pot the woman must have for cooking. But after he has made these things, they belong to her alone.

All the tasks which in modern America are divided up among thousands of people can there be done easily by a man and his wife, and they can teach the necessary skills to their children. Nevertheless, because of the travelling and the visiting and because of the danger to the whole family if a hunter is unlucky, or if one of a couple gets hurt or takes sick or dies, people need more than one family for protection against hunger and cold and loneliness.

So people live in settlements of perhaps ten or twenty families — seldom more than a hundred people altogether — and they call themselves 'the people of such-and-such a place'. But they do not always stay together, for only at some seasons of the year is there enough food or the right kind of hunting to support the whole group. At other times, families must scatter. And every year settlements change a little, as some people go off to live elsewhere and

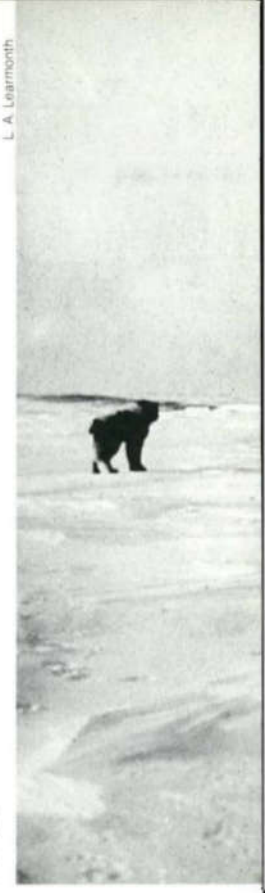
William Gibson

Snow goggles protect the eyes from glare.

D. B. Marsh

Scraping the ice window with an ulu or woman's knife.

R. N. Hourde



L. A. Learmonth

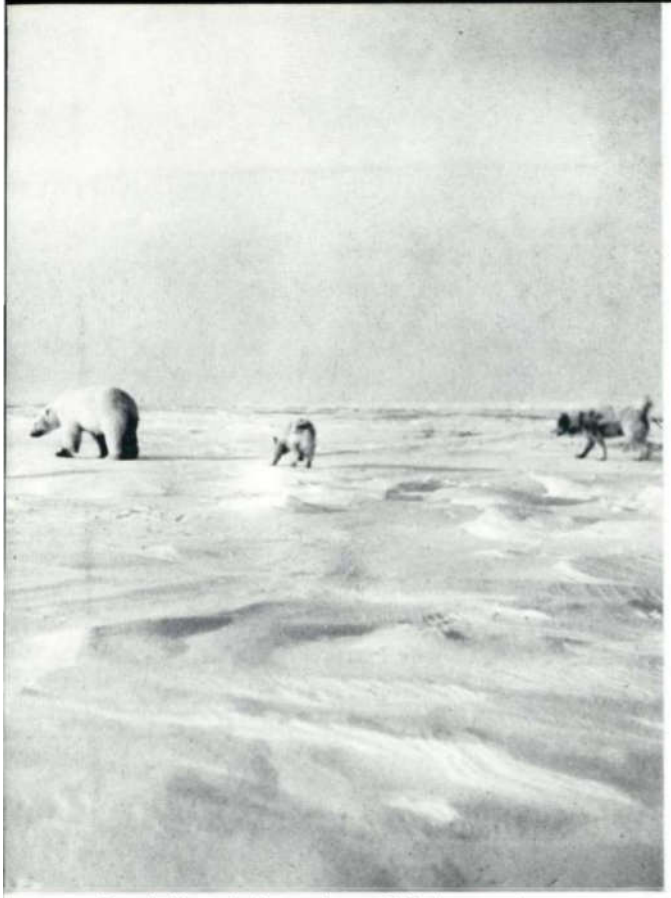
People in skin clothing sit on the living platform of their snow house.

others decide to join the group. In each little settlement there is one hunter who is luckier — for that is what people say — than all the others. As long as his luck continues, people depend on him and take his advice about when to start one kind of hunting or when to move inland. But if anyone disagrees with 'the man who knows everything best', one of the names for a leader, nothing prevents the one who disagrees from going his own way. There are no chiefs of any kind, just stronger men and weaker ones, luckier hunters and less lucky ones, and in every settlement there are one or two men or women, called *angakut*, who have learned to talk to the spirits to discover why some trouble has come upon people —what has become of a lost object, why storms rage, why no animals are caught, why someone has become sick or has died.

Though we do not yet know exactly where the Eskimos came from nor when the first Eskimo came into Alaska, they have lived in the Arctic for at least 2,000 years and perhaps much longer. Their name for themselves is *Inuit*, which means simply 'people.' The name 'Eskimo', from an Indian word meaning 'raw-meat eaters', was given to them by Europeans.

We know, of course, that they came from somewhere else and could have moved into the far north only gradually, because they needed to have so many things before they could go there at all. First there are the things that human beings had to have before they could live where it was cold. They had to know how to make fire, how to hunt and fish for the creatures that live in the cold, how to travel about, how to make clothes to protect them from the cold outdoors, and how to build houses to keep them warm indoors. These are all things which Siberians, who live across Bering Strait, and also those Indians who live just south of the Eskimos had to know, too.

If you picture the ancestors of the Eskimos venturing farther and farther north for short trips before they could live there all year round, you can see how the perfectly adapted clothes and houses and tools began to develop. Shoes would be necessary, not just sandals or moccasins but thick, warm boots that protect the whole leg. Trousers for both men and women were essential; a short skirt or a breechclout would not be enough. The materials from which clothing was made had to be windproof and waterproof, something from which snow could be brushed off before it melted and then froze again. Mittens were needed to cover the hands, and hoods to cover the head and ears. People had to learn how to keep warm by dressing in layers and in clothes made loosely enough so that air could circulate inside and dry up the sweat that would otherwise first dampen their clothes and then make them stiff with frost. A baby had to be completely protected.



Dogs hold a polar bear at bay until the hunter arrives.

William Gibson

Man and dog are loaded when moving camp in summer.

Although styles of clothing vary from one group to another, all the Eskimos have solved these problems. So, for instance, the woman's jacket is made with extra fullness in the back so a baby can ride inside it, warm and safe; a girdle at the waist keeps the baby from slipping down. Also the woman's hood is made large and loose so that a baby, peering over his mother's shoulder, is covered and yet can see out into the world.

It is interesting to notice, too, that there are problems which the Eskimos did not solve. They invented eye protectors, flat strips of bone or wood into which narrow slits were cut, to lessen the glare of sun on snow and ice. But they have no means of protecting the cornea of the eye from freezing, which sometimes happens in a snowstorm or on icy water. They have boots and mittens, but in some of the costumes there are gaps — more than are needed for ventilation — around the waist where the jacket doesn't quite meet the trousers or in the middle of the thigh where a woman's leggings do not quite meet her short trousers. These exposed places gradually turn black, and when people take off their clothes, their skin is striped.

After clothes, the next most important invention was a proper house. Whether it is dug partly out of the earth or out of deep snow, whether it is made partly of stone or of snow or of skin, the house must keep people warm enough so they can eat and sleep without danger of freezing when they are not moving about. It must be ventilated so that people will not suffocate and so that the lamps will burn. It must be warm enough and yet if it is built of snow, not so warm that the snow will melt. Because fuel is scarce, the house has to be built so as to make the best use of a little heat. For the Eskimos who live in snow houses one of the hard times of year is in between seasons — in spring when the snow roof of the house begins to melt but it is not yet warm enough to move into a summer tent, and in autumn when it is very cold but there is not yet enough snow to cut blocks for a house.

Every detail of the building and arrangement of a snow house is worked out very carefully, whether it is a tiny shelter built in an hour for one hunter for one night or a large house built in half a day and shared by two families for a month or more. Often two men work together. One stays outside and cuts snow blocks while the other is inside, fitting the blocks together in a spiral until at last, when he raises the key block into the top of the dome, he is entirely enclosed. Then he cuts his way out the side. Afterward, he adds on the tunnel-like passage that keeps out the wind and, sloping down a little from the inner entrance, keeps the warmer air inside. Storage lockers are built onto the passage. Before anyone comes into the passage, he takes off his outer jacket, brushes it off

Eskimos by their skin tent or tupik, photographed in 1896.

with a special snow beater and stows it away to keep it dry and safe from the hungry dogs.

The problem of fire for light, warmth and cooking, and for drying clothes was solved by burning oil from blubber in a soapstone lamp that serves all these purposes at once. North of the tree-line there is only brush in summer and the fat of animals in winter to serve as fuel. Soapstone itself is scarce, and sometimes people must travel for a year to find it. Then, just as they barter for scarce things with their neighbours, they 'barter' with the rock and leave presents near the place where they dig out the precious soapstone. All her life a woman carries her soapstone lamp and pot with her, and when she dies they are placed near her grave.

Two families or one family with two women live in each house. As each woman has her own fire on one of the two side platforms, the house is warmed by two lamps (and sometimes by another little one on the bed in the back and a fourth in front near the entrance). Hunters have small lamps to carry with them when they travel away from home. If a stranger comes alone to visit, his host may lend him one of his wives. Then, if he has everything he needs to hunt, he may set up his own fire.

Once inside the house, people take off their clothes and hang mittens and stockings to dry on racks over the lamp. Keeping clothing dry and mended is something women have to watch over every day. Even at those times when they are not allowed to make anything new, they can mend worn clothes. Skins have to be chewed to make them supple or to get them soft again; when people are starving they may eat their clothes.

With warm clothes and a kind of house which could be built quickly wherever they were, people could venture into the coldest Arctic. But to hunt they needed a means of travelling quickly on snow and ice and of bringing back heavy game. To meet this need, the Eskimos have sledges and teams of dogs as independent as the people who train them. A man without dogs cannot hope to take care of his family. So, since it takes a long time to build up a strong team and it is almost impossible to get a team to accept a strange dog, puppies are cared for as painstakingly as human infants.

As important to a man as his sledge in winter is his kayak in summer in which he hunts on open water. Besides this light and speedy boat, the Eskimos have a large wooden-framed, skin-covered boat in which they can row or sail. This is the *umiak*, or woman's boat, so called because when a whole family travels in one with all their possessions, it is the women who row. However, the same boat, with an all-man crew, is also used for whaling.

With their dog sledges, the Eskimos can move on land and on the frozen sea in winter, and in their kayaks and umiaks they can travel on the water in summer. But when they move inland in summer there are also long stretches where they travel overland and can take only those possessions which they can carry on their backs or on the backs of their dogs. In their freedom of movement the Eskimos are somewhat like American families going camping for a weekend in

D. B. Marsh

Boy building a small snow house.

their station wagons — with the difference: Americans take food with them, some of it frozen, while the Eskimos must hunt as they move, and they must freeze some of the catch.

Like modern campers, but not for the same reasons, the Eskimos need a great many different things if they are to survive comfortably. To make a snow house they need a special knife, shaped something like a cutlass, to cut the snow blocks. For the bed platform they need layers of heavy skins and furs and, if possible, poles and brush to lay underneath, and a deerskin blanket to cover the whole family at night. Then they need a set of short poles to make a frame over the lamp for hanging the pot and for drying clothes. Flint and pyrite are needed to strike a spark to light a fire, and a special moss is needed to make wicks for the lamp. Or, instead, a man can start the fire with a bow drill, the same kind he uses to drill holes but with a different point attached. Then people need bone picks to take the hot meat out of the stew pot and cups and ladles to drink the hot soup. For melting snow or fresh-water ice for drinking — and Eskimos drink a great deal of water — they keep skin buckets on the platform near a lamp. For a window in the house they need either a clear sheet of fresh-water ice or else gut, neatly stitched together. In summer, long poles are needed to raise the tent, in which everything is arranged in the same fashion as in the snow house except that people cook out-of-doors, and women and children have to spend long hours collecting brush to burn. Special tools are needed, too: a strong knife to cut up meat (butchers' knives were among the first things Eskimos took over from the whalers), a woman's knife, or *ulu*, for cleaning skins, and wooden and bone scrapers for preparing the skins. Everywhere she goes a woman also carries with her a needle, stored in an ivory case. (The things women first wanted from whalers and traders were steel needles and scissors, precious implements which were sharpened until they became too short to use.) With this she carries a supply of sinew to shred into thread.

All these things are needed just to set up a camp.

But the Eskimos also know how to survive without all their carefully made things, each so nicely adapted to the use for which it is intended. Correctly, sledge runners are made of driftwood, shod with ivory, whalebone or the jaw of a whale, tied or riveted to the runners. However, in an emergency, rolled-up skins can be frozen into the right shape for runners, or frozen salmon can be used for the crossbars, or a clumsier sledge can be shaped entirely out of ice. In sudden need of a boat, the skin tent cover can be folded to make a raft to ferry things across a stream.

Wherever the Eskimos are, summer or winter, they must hunt or fish day after day if there is to be food. Most of their hunting methods depend on finding the animals or birds or fish at a time and in a place where a lot of them are together. So they must know the migration routes of the caribou, when huge herds come streaming across the open lands, moving north or south with the seasons. They need to know the islands where birds come to nest every year. They have to know the inlets where at one season the narwhals swim towards the coast to escape from killer whales. Much of their travelling comes about as they follow the animals on which they depend, especially the ringed seal, which stays in the Arctic

Peter Pitseolak

Hauling up a seal he has speared through the ice.

all winter. In winter the hunter moves out on the sea ice, where it is not too thick for seals to make blow-holes for breathing; and there, his harpoon poised, he waits. If he must wait long, he sits very still on a block of snow, his feet on a piece of skin, his harpoon propped at his side, his hands inside his coat, until at last a seal rises in its hole. Later, in the breeding season, hunters and dogs search out the snow tunnels where seals give birth and protect their pups, which at first cannot swim. There, too, the hunters may find polar bears, seal hunting like themselves. So the movements of the animals and the continuing need for food give a pattern to Eskimo life, and their religion is centred around this need.

The Eskimos see the universe as dangerous. To survive, people must keep rules which make the world safe for themselves and for others. One of the principal rules, which has to be remembered every day, is that the animals of the land and the animals of the sea must be kept apart. Caribou meat and seal or walrus meat cannot be eaten on the same day, nor can they be stored together. Women may not begin work on the winter deerskin clothes until the caribou hunting season is ended; but all the clothes must be ready by the time the first walrus is caught in the fall, for then all work on new deerskins must come to an immediate stop.

The Eskimos believe that all animals have spirits, and that the offended spirits will cause animals to avoid hunters if people break the rules concerning them. When a seal carcass is brought into a house, women must stop sewing at once, and before the seal can be skinned, the dead animal — or its spirit — must be given a drink of water.

These rules, or taboos as they are called, keep people always on the alert — always wide awake to what they are hunting, cutting, storing, cooking, eating, or making clothes of. Every minute they must pay as much attention as we do when we are driving in heavy traffic or are piloting a plane.

People in special conditions, like a woman with a new baby, or the members of a settlement where someone has just died, have to keep special taboos. The Eskimos believe that each person has two souls. When a person dies, one of these souls goes on to the next world — a pleasant or a miserable one, depending on how he has died. The other soul stays near the body and is easily offended if its living relatives do not keep the proper rules. If they break the mourning taboos — if anyone in the village dances or sings, if men go hunting with dogs, if women do any work — the soul gets a dark cloud around it, and then it roams the village doing harm until the burdensome cloud is removed. But this same soul also is protective. When the next baby is born it is named after the dead person, whose soul then enters the baby to take care of its young soul, which is still very light and may easily leave again.

Breaking a taboo at any time puts a person in a special condition from which he can remove himself only by publicly confessing what he has done or left undone. A dark cloud is thought to form around a person who has broken a taboo. Although the cloud cannot be seen by most human beings, animals are thought to see it and will then refuse to be hunted or caught. Moreover, this cloud is believed to be catching. If a person does not know he has broken a taboo or else hides the fact that he has done so, other people will catch his condition, just as someone with an infectious disease like typhoid fever can give it to others if he is not isolated and cured.

So, for the Eskimos, being a good man or a good woman means having no secrets that can harm other people. It means keeping all the taboos, and confessing at once if one is broken accidentally. Otherwise accidents, storms, failures in hunting, sickness, and death are likely to follow.

Between the end of summer and the beginning of winter, when the autumn winds blow, a great feast is held for the goddess Sedna, the mistress of the underworld and of the sea animals on which winter life depends.

At this great ceremony, people gather in one of the largest houses of the settlement, where on the floor the angakut make a coil rope in imitation of the breathing hole of a seal. Two angakut then stand ready, harpoons poised, waiting to spear Sedna as she rises up to the breathing hole, angry and vengeful, lured by a magic song. Suddenly they stab her and force her back, and the watching people see blood staining the harpoon points. But she is believed still to be lurking near by, very angry and ready to seize anyone she can.

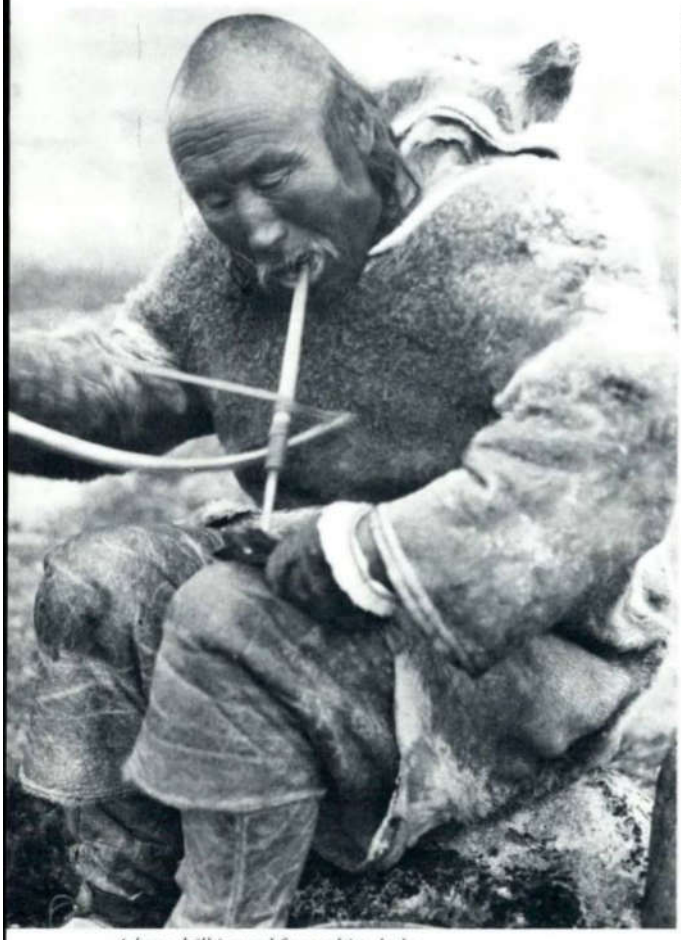
The next day all the people wear on their hoods strong protective amulets made from a bit of the bird skin out of which their first baby shirts were made. All the men gather in the middle of the settlement and they run, jumping and shrieking, following the course of the sun around the village and visiting every house. The women are expecting them, and at each door the men are given little presents — like Hallowe'en visitors in America.

Then the crowd divides into two groups. On one side are those who were born in winter, who call themselves ptarmigans. On the other side are those born in summer, the ducks. Both are named after their bird-skin amulets. A large sealskin rope is stretched between them for a strenuous tug of war. If the ducks hold fast, this is thought to be a sign that good winter weather can be expected.

Next, two giant figures appear, their faces concealed by sealskin masks. Their bodies are stuffed out to a great size, and on their backs they carry blown-up sealskins. In their hands are spears. As the

Alex Smith

Baby is cosy in the back of mother's caribou tunic.



National Museums of Canada

A bow drill is used for making holes.

figures come silently forward the crowd shouts. The men attack the giant figures in a mock battle, pretending to spear and cut and stab them until their sealskin bags are broken and the masked figures fall to the ground. But they are revived by giving them cups of water, just as people also give water to the seals they have hunted and killed. Then each man may ask them questions about the future and about his luck at hunting. As the answers are given in murmurs, every man can decide for himself what has been said.

To the Eskimos, any strength may be either good or bad, depending on how it is used. Sedna, whose feast is celebrated in the autumn, can give or withhold the animals of the sea. The angakut, who generally use their powers to help and protect people and to force Sedna to be helpful, are also feared because they may use their powers in a hostile way by preventing the bow drill from making fire, or by killing with a glance. People strive to be strong, and strengthen those who are weak by giving them amulets to wear. The baby's light soul is strengthened by the strong, experienced soul which comes into its body with its name. Babies are carried and nursed inside the mother's clothes. But they also learn to stand sudden cold; sometimes at a temperature many degrees below zero they are hastily yanked out, for they do not wear diapers.

Strong men, who are good hunters, are the leaders, but also — if they are bad-tempered and wilful — they may become murderers who disrupt a settlement. The strong forces of the outer world represent the danger of famine and death. Against them, man sets his own strength and patience and cheerfulness, his sense of other people.

Although they have travelled far and wide, old people come back to the little bays and points where they were born — to their own people. Each little group of Eskimos have stories which tell about the past and about the nature of the world, stories which are learned by heart but which are a little different from those told in another settlement. Although the Eskimos have no nations and no warfare, although their language is spoken for so many thousands of miles, each little group has a sense of its own identity — a sense of who belongs — as the people of such-and-such a place, which they know best of all. Here is the country where they know every landmark and every wind and can find their way by the direction in which the wind drifts the snow, where they know in just what place to find young seals or wandering polar bears. But they do not own this place to defend it against other people. They own it in the sense of understanding it so well that they can help visitors to hunt safely there and can be welcoming hosts to all who come expecting food and shelter and companionship. □

The Birth of an Industry

By Clarence Birdseye

IN COLLEGE I was trained as a biologist; but my heart was set on adventure. So, when Dr Wilfred Grenfell told me he had persuaded a wealthy New Yorker to back me in a fur-farming venture on the Labrador Coast, I jumped at the opportunity.

My first winter on the coast was that of 1912-13. The following spring I went to Muddy Bay in Sandwich Bay, and bought the abandoned post of Revillon Frères — the famous French company whose fur-trading operations were later taken over by the Hudson's Bay Company. I rebuilt the post, which was about six miles in from Cartwright, and erected fox and mink pens.

The ensuing winter I tried my first experiment in quick-freezing vegetables. When I went to Labrador, I knew nothing of the virtues of quick-freezing, whether accomplished naturally or artificially. But that first winter I saw natives catching fish in fifty below zero weather, which froze stiff almost as soon as they were taken out of the water. Months later, when they were thawed out, some of those fish were so fresh that they were still alive!

Clarence Birdseye on the Labrador Coast.

I discovered, too, that birds, game, and fish frozen very rapidly in extremely cold weather are much more juicy and delicious than those frozen slowly in the relatively mild early fall and spring frosts. If meat and fish can be kept so fresh by quick-freezing, I thought, why not vegetables? So that very first fall after I had bought the Muddy Bay headquarters, I purchased a large supply of fresh cabbages, kept them unfrozen in the house until well into December and then quick-froze them one layer at a time immersed in sea water in a hogshead; and throughout the ensuing winter and early spring had merely to chop out a hunk of ice and cabbage to enjoy a taste of the fresh vegetables which are so scarce and important in the long northern winters. In those days I knew nothing about 'blanching' to inactivate enzymes, but my recollection is that the product was still mighty good after several months.

Fresh meat is sometimes pretty scarce in Labrador, even at a trading post to which it is brought, in exchange for what the hunters consider more necessary articles. Sometimes at Muddy Bay we would have a glut of caribou, white partridges, rabbits, ducks and geese, but we could never be certain that before the first steamer in the spring we would not run completely out of fresh meat and be back on a diet of salt fish.

That led to my first — and most disastrous — experiment in intentionally quick-frozen meats. In December of the first year that Mrs Birdseye was on the coast, a hunter brought us the unfrozen carcass of a young caribou shot near by. When the meat was dressed we were in the middle of an extremely cold north-west gale. So we placed two large aluminum dishpans on the wire of an emergency fox pen just back of the house and in each pan froze a one-inch layer of ice. On that ice we then laid choice caribou steaks and chops and, after the meat had frozen, encased it in a layer of ice. Each layer took only a few minutes to freeze; and when we got through we had a series of ice blocks containing several months' supply of ready-to-cook quick-frozen venison.

The blocks were then packed with sawdust in a corner of our root cellar and were left undisturbed until May. The first ice block, looking like a million dollars, was brought out for a special treat one Sunday when the Reverend Henry Gordon of Cartwright was to have dinner with us. The ice had not melted at all and we could see the delicious cuts inside. When, however, we broke the cake open we

Special refrigerator display case in one of the stores of the Hudson's Bay Company, c. 1941. The Company was the Canadian distributor of Birds Eye Frosted Foods at that time.

were astonished to find that the meat was completely thawed and that each piece of meat rested in a pocket of water. Every bit of that meat — and all the rest in the root cellar — was sour and completely useless. The answer, of course, was that the ice in the cellar had quickly reached 32° F. without thawing. At that temperature the meat — the blood of which contained some salt in solution — was not frozen, and osmotic action then took place to extract some of the salt from the meat and so thaw the ice adjacent to each piece of meat. Then some of the cold-resistant microbiological life had started to flourish. Such was the fate of the first Birdseye frosted meat!

When we got back to the States, I began to ponder the problem of quick-freezing seriously. Instant exposure to fifty below zero temperatures had sealed in the fresh flavour of Labrador game and fish, and time had literally stood still. If that could happen in the frozen North, why couldn't similar conditions be produced by science? What was the secret of the perfect preservation of flavour and texture?

I determined to solve these secrets of the Arctic. And, beginning with a tiny laboratory and aided by a group of incredibly patient scientists, I began to experiment with quick-freezing processes. More than ten years of intensive study and many disappointments followed.

As a result of this pioneering, a new industry was finally born, based on a system of quick-freezing in which foods, cleaned and freed of waste, were frozen in sanitary, moisture-proof packages between refrigerated plates at fifty below zero temperatures.

This was only the beginning, however. The public was not initiated and the refrigerating industry was not ready. Low temperature storage rooms in warehouses and special refrigerator cases for stores had to be developed. There was public prejudice against cold storage foods and a widespread belief that anything frozen was not as fresh and wholesome as it should be. Then, too, no matter how perfect the quick-freezing process, it could not improve the quality of the food which was to be quick-frozen. It was necessary to make scientific studies of types of seeds and every step of crop production had to be carefully supervised. Typical of the intensive research required was the testing of 105 varieties of garden peas before the perfect type for quick-freezing could be found. High-speed machinery was required to harvest, grade and clean vegetables and fruits and quick-freeze them all within the space of a few hours.

After years of experiment and the investment of many millions of dollars, quick-freezing has become a major new industry. It has been called the most important development in the food industry since the invention of canning. Authorities on nutrition and public health report that Birds Eye foods compare favourably with the freshest foods available in any market in vitamin content and nutritional values.

And now, as a result of the idea that came to me while I wintered in Labrador, quick-freezing is making possible more efficient distribution of Canadian-produced perishable foods. □

SIMPSON IN RUSSIA

INTRODUCTION BY ALICE M. JOHNSON

Miss Johnson, a former Archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company, has extracted from George Simpson's diary an account of his visit to St Petersburg in 1838.

NOT VERY LONG AGO the Hudson's Bay Company acquired the private diary kept by George Simpson when on a journey with the Governor of the Company, John Henry Pelly, to northern Europe in July, August, and September, 1838. The only part of the diary concerned with Hudson's Bay Company affairs is that from which the extracts printed below have been taken, but this part, no less than the remainder, reveals the Governor of Rupert's Land in a more human light than do the descriptions given by his contemporary and later critics.

The diary was apparently kept for the benefit of his wife, 'Deck' or 'Little Mole', as she is referred to, and if she ever had patience enough to decipher the cramped, and at times illegible writing, she was rewarded with instruction, information, and not a little amusement.

'Left my own house No. 5 Trinity Square London, at 9 p.m.', Simpson began on 17 July 1838, 'and embarked on board the *Britannia* steamer . . . for Hambro where I found [aboard] Mr. Pelly with Mrs. Pelly, his sons Octavius and Percy and a man and woman servant.' The ship reached Hamburg on 20 July and here the pattern was set for the remainder of the tour. Business calls, social calls, parties, dinner engagements, and sightseeing filled each day. Even Simpson, almost a stranger to fatigue, sometimes went to bed very tired. But he entered into everything with zest, and was obviously impressed by, and enjoyed, the lavish hospitality met with in each city. He admired and criticized wherever he went, and at all times showed a lively curiosity in his fellow travellers as well as the acquaintances he made.

From Hamburg Simpson and his companions travelled in hired carriages to Lubeck and Travemunde, and thence, on 24 July, took the steamer for Copenhagen, where they arrived on the following day. Here he enjoyed a swim in the sea, showing off his skill in front of a first-rate Danish swimmer. 'Few' boasted Simpson, 'can overmatch me in the water.' On 27 July another steamer was boarded for Gothenburg where, on the next day, Simpson complained that he did not see a pretty woman. 'Indeed' he wrote, 'I have not observed what I should call a pretty looking woman in the course of my travels through these northern Regions: our Canadian and half-breed women of North America are angels compared with them.' On the same day the journey was continued up Christiania (now Oslo) Fjord to Moss. Here the Pellys and Simpson landed on 29 July and a carriage journey of some twenty miles took them to Borregaard Manor, the Pelly estate in the parish of Tune.

At Borregaard Simpson was much occupied in the counting-house on affairs connected with the farms, saw-mill, grain-mill, tile works and distillery which were part of the estate, but visits and sightseeing in the neighbourhood provided relaxation and entertainment until he left for Christiania, where he arrived on 7 August. Three days later, in company with Governor Pelly, Simpson attended a 'State Dinner in full puff' and had the pleasure of hearing himself described as 'head of the most extended Dominions in the known world the Emperor of Russia the Queen of England and the President of the United States excepted'. That same day's diary entry ended: 'retired at 11, occupied till 12 Sowing Buttons on my Shirts & mending my breeches & Waistcoat. Damned bad Needles, worse thread & Villainous Sewing!'

Another three crowded days followed before the Governor and Simpson left Christiania and travelled by way of Gothenburg, Lakes Vanern and Vattern, Motala and Linkoping to Stockholm. After spending a few crowded hours in Stockholm they continued their journey by way of Abo (Turku), Helsingfors (Helsinki), and Reval (Tallin) for Kronshtadt. The extracts from Simpson's diary run from their arrival at Kronshtadt on 27 August until their departure from St Petersburg on 15 September.

The object of the visit to Russia was to try to settle the differences which had arisen between the

Hudson's Bay Company and the Russian American Company on account of what is generally referred to as the 'Stikine Affair'. Briefly, in the summer of 1834, Peter Skene Ogden had sailed to Stikine River in the Company's ship *Dryad* to establish a trading post, but he had been prevented from carrying out his orders by officers of the Russian American Company, and consequently, the Hudson's Bay Company had not only suffered loss of trade, but also loss of prestige with the Indians. But, as Pelly explained in his official report on the St Petersburg visit, the Russian government had tight control over the Russian American Company's affairs and it became evident that settlement would have to be left in the hands of the British Chargé d'Affaires. Instead, he and Simpson confined their negotiations to 'establishing an intercourse . . . likely to be productive of advantage to the interests of both concerns.'

When the two governors left St Petersburg the outcome of their visit was in doubt, but Pelly's report, written in London on 10 October 1838, expressed the optimistic opinion that the Russian American Company would meet his views. Eventually, the Hudson's Bay Company's claims arising out of the 'Stikine Affair' were relinquished and the agreement, which Simpson on behalf of the Company, and Baron Ferdinand Wrangell of behalf of the Russian American Company, signed in Hamburg on 6 February 1839, was the beginning of that 'intercourse . . . productive of advantage to the interests of both concerns' which lasted until 1865, two years before the sale of Alaska to the United States.

The English Quay at St Petersburg, from Granville's Journal, published in 1828.

FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE SIMPSON:

Monday, August 27 — Beautiful morning. Had scarcely elbow Room to Wash & Shave. High officers Nobility & Diplomatists must all rough it alike on board a Russian Steamer. The Ladies many of whom slept on Deck looking jaded . . . Had quite a Scramble for Breakfast, most annoyed with some infernal little "Darlings" who were slobbering close at my Elbow. Countesses & other fair ones take Schnapps before Breakfast & Beef Steak Salt Herring Row & Wine for Breakfast . . . Arrived at Cronstadt at ½ past 9, a perfect Gibraltar in Strength. Batteries of the largest calibre in all directions & quite impregnable. Merchant men laid up behind the Mole about 300 sail of all sizes & about 20 men of war. Men of war Custom House & police Boats plying in all directions three fourths of the people afloat & ashore in uniform. Well dressed and efficient for active Service. Ships Boats Steamers Transports in short every thing in the highest order. This is quite a Warlike nation . . . Boarded by a Boat containing 8 Custom House officers, Passports exchanged & Baggage examined most Strictly every Shirt Shift Pettycoat, no soiled linen allowed to pass . . . Mr. Pellys & my Pistols detained will be returned on our departure unless we pay the duty 50 Rubles pr. piece. Observing the officer take a fancy to mine I asked an acknowledgement for them which was refused, I therefore addressed a letter to the Collector intimating the delivery of our Arms & begging they might be restored on departure . . . removed on board a smaller Steam Boat . . . to go up the Neva to St. Petersburg. . . .

Palace of the Grand Duke Michael, opposite which Simpson stayed. From Pluchart's Views, 1825.

The appearance of St. Petersburg from the Water not very imposing on the South Side a handsome Street fronting the water called the English Quay on the South Side Wharfs & Warehouses with a few public buildings. On landing had some difficulty in getting a Cart for our Baggage. All the Drosky men Porters & [illegible] Russians with long Beards & Short Crop behind spoke nothing but Russian. Left Mr. Pelly & took a Drosky to Mrs. Wilsons to see if she could House us. Saw her an old one Eyed Scotch Lady House quite full. Returned & Mr. Pelly went on to . . . the principal Hotel with a Drosky while I attended the Baggage. At length got a cart & proceeded through numerous Streets Squares Crescents Palace Yards &c. to [Coulons?] opposite the Grand Duke Michels Palace. Landlord a Frenchman, Good House & good Russian attendance. Neither French nor English Spoken in the House except the former by the Landlord. Got 2 good Bed Rooms 2nd floor at 50 Rubles p. week. Dressed & went down to the Coffee Room to Dinner each Dish brought in Separately. Soup Lared Roast Beef Spinnage & Eggs, Salmon Roast Chickens; Jelly & some other Sweets. A Bottle of Champagne & one of Sauterne. Cup of Coffee. Engaged a French Valet de place who Spoke Russian at 6 Rubles p. Diem & a Drosky (covered) with pair of Horses at 15 Rubles p. Day. Sent to the Post Office to Enquire if any Letters from the 'little Mole' but unfortunately Shut for the Day.

Walked out for a couple of hours were astounded at the magnificence & splendour of the Streets Palaces Shops Houses &c. The main Street a constant thoroughfare. Uniforms [illegible] long Beards well dressed women flying about on Vehicles from the humble crossed Leg Drosky to the Coach & 6 with 2 postilions or coaches on the Box and 2 Behind. Went into the principal Greek Church during Service Men Women children officers & privates crossing themselves & knocking their noses against the pavement thanking their respective Saints for special favors, some for good luck at cards, some for bonne fortune with paramours, some for luck in picking pockets, some for one thing & some another and the very fortunate Sticking small lighted candles in the chandeliers while I gave a few Kopecks for the excellent Dinner I had . . . The church most Splendid inside & out, the altar piece truly Brilliant, the whole thing uncommonly grand yet chaste in architecture while Brilliant with decorations. Cutosops [Kutusoff's] Tomb & those of several other warriors attended. Got back at 8 Tea at 9. Bed at 11 restless night Feverish & uncomfortable Bed broke down Dreamt of Deck & Deddy.

Tuesday, August 28 — St. Petersburg and its

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splended Streets & Edifices, Siberia, the Knout and a variety of other strange fancies were flitting before me all night and I got up this morning far from well, tried the remedy of a good Breakfast which had a good effect. Sent to the Post Office and got a perfect cure all in the shape of a delightful letter from the Wife reporting herself not quite the thing arising from a legitimate cause and my Darling little Ded in high Health & spirits, read my letter over half a Dozen times and felt much better. Got into a handsome open Drosky & pair with our Valet de place mounted behind and a coachee with a Beard like a Chancellors Wig and the back of his Head shaved up to a line with the top of his Ears Tiled with a high narrow Brimmed Bucket Shaped Hat and banded with half a Dozen Rows of Bullion Cord. A Blue Wrapping Gown fastened round the middle with a Leather Belt in front driving a pair of excellent Strong active rough coated Horses holding a Rein in each hand & without any Whip and in this fashion proceeded to make our calls & deliver our Letters of introduction to the Fashionables of this Splendid capital.

Saw Mr. Milbanke the British Charge d'affaires; a flippant smirking smart looking man who held out no hopes of bringing the Russians to a Settlement of the Stikine affair for a length of time altho our case is as clear as the Sun . . . called . . . on Baron Stenglozh of Stenglozh & Co. General Bankers & Merchants the Rothschilds of St. Petersburg, the old man a Hanoverian Jew speaks English well and very polite & obliging. Gave us a good deal of information respecting the affairs of the Russian Fur Company pay 14p. Cent. every 2 Years or 7 p. Ct. p.Anm. affairs badly conducted, will introduce us to the Directors & to Baron Wrangall but represents the business as so Secretly managed by old fashioned Russians who have a crafty illiberal system of management that it is difficult to do any thing with them . . . [was] Introduced at the British Club Room by Mr. Hodgson in order to have access to Newspapers, periodicals &c. Saw some good Billiard playing at the Club House. Went on Change with Mr. Hodgson & Mr. Jubb . . . Home to Dinner at 6. Bad tough Roast Beef, Soup, Fish, Artichokes, Game & Sweets, a Bottle of Champagne & pint Bottle Sauterne. Coffee and proceeded to the French play a pretty small Theatre, good orchestra, & fair actors & Singers — one of the actresses a pretty dark Eyed Parisienne. House tolerably filled, few well dressed or Handsome Women, every 3 men in uniform. Several Dandies. Home to Bed at 11½.

Wednesday, August 29 — Up at 6: good night & better. Dreamt of Deck & Deddy & when I awoke wished myself back with them. Wrote a letter to my little Charmer & forwarded it with 2 others to Mr. Milbanke for the purpose of being sent by his Foreign Office Courier . . . Omitted to mention yesterday that we were occupied about a couple of hours in going to the different police offices to get our passports extended & recorded & obtain permission to go beyond the boundaries of the Town. Underwent a very close inspection by upwards of 20 officials & paid 20 Roubles for our passes, a Strange order of things. Every lacky de place & Servant about Hotels likewise private Houses in the pay of the Police, the Spanish inquisition never so strict, no man can go from one place to another or quit the country without official authority . . . Called again on several of the people we had seen yesterday. Got my Hair cut by a French Barber who said a Toupee would become me exceedingly. Dressed and went to Dinner with Mr. Jubb who took us out to his House in his Carriage . . . Called at the principal Fur Warehouse Kept by Russians, saw many good Furs, Sable, Martens, Foxes, Raccoons, &c. &c. hope to get some orders for Furs from them. Visited the new Cathedral (Greek) has been in progress building about 50 years & expected to be finished in 1841, a magnificent building little inferior to St. Pauls . . . Saw a handsome church the [illegible] with a Statue of Cutosoph & another of Bentley [Barclay] de Tolly very fine. The Grand Duke Michaels Palace opposite my window a noble Edifice . . . got to Bed at ½ past 11.

Thursday, August 30 — Warm close Weather and a few Muschetoes in the Evening. Called on Baron Stenglozh, had a long interview with him on the affairs of the Russian Fur Company in whose Stock he holds 400 Shares. Stock at present worth 900 Rubles p. Share which covers a Dividend of 14 p. Ct. to be paid in the course of the Season: not at all satisfied with the management, and would be glad to forward our views in regard to an amicable arrangement, to that end gave us an introductory Letter to the Directors . . . Got a map of St. Petersburg and took a turn round the Grand Bazaar, an immense Square, 2 Tiers of Small Shops on each side of the Square, neat clean well furnished Shops . . . Could find nothing curious sufficiently small for sending to London so as to avoid Seizure altho very desirous to execute sweet little Deckys commission.

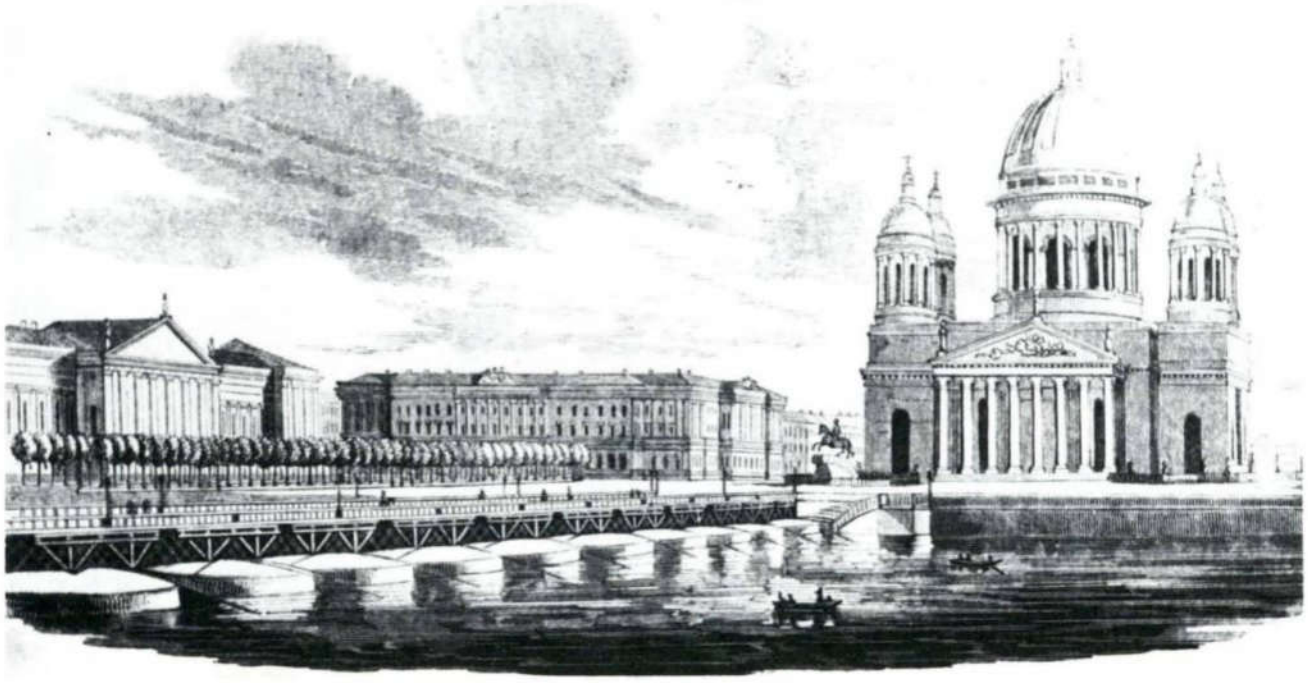
Afterwards accompanied Mr. Jubb to the Russian Fur Companys Establishment very respectable in point of size and arrangement and the residence of one of the Directors. Saw two of them Messrs. [illegible] & [illegible] . . . also a person with a Star on his Breast who appeared to be there accidentally altho I think he was there designedly as they expected us. Passed through a Suite of Rooms well furnished in which were several good pictures of Emperors & Empresses for a century or two past. Were received very politely; they seemed familiar with my name & said they would be happy to give favorable consideration to any proposition we might have to make on the return of Baron Wrangell who was absent but would be back within a week. Learn they have sent a Steam Boat out from the United States and have some transactions with Boardman of Boston. Afterwards called on Chaplain the great Furrier & opened a negotiation with him with a view to supplying them with Furs to the amount of 10 to £15,000 p. Ann. To see him again in the course of a Day or two.

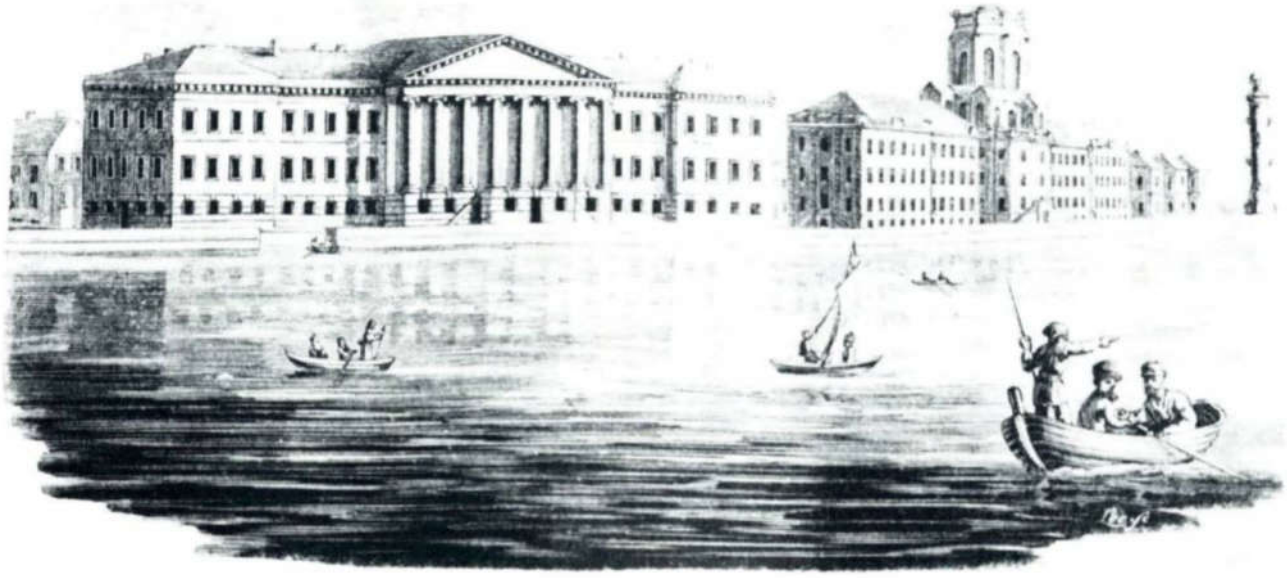
Visited the Bath House, upon a large Scale Warm cold & Vapour Baths belonging to the House of Thal. The Russians of all classes great people for Vapour Baths. Saw some pretty women passing out & in to their carriages. Went to the Club House to which we are admissible, had some lunch and read the English Newspapers . . . Dressed and at 6 went to Dine with Mr. Hodgson of Thompson Bonar & Co. . . . A good Bachelor Dinner & plenty of wine, a pleasant party & much agreeable conversation . . . Baron Wrangell well spoken of as active & efficient lately promoted to the rank of vice Admiral & now in the country inspecting some Oak Forests for Government. Got Home at 10. Engaged to Dinner on Saturday at Mr. Bairds on Sunday at Mr. Blinkers, on Tuesday at Mr. Coldays on Wednesday at Mr. Hubbards and on Saturday Week at the English Club with Dr. LeFerre am perfectly sick & tired of these vile ceremonials & would much prefer a plain Mutton chop at home. . . .

Friday, August 31 — [Instructions for preparing caviare take up most of this day's entry.] Called on Hubbard and went to see the Museum of Minerals, Models &c. a fine building used as an Academy. Visited likewise the Museum of Paintings Sculpture &c this building likewise used as an Academy. Saw a Skeleton of the Mamoth at the former found in Siberia, the first well worth seeing the last not. Wandered and Drove about until 3 o'Clock . . . Remained at Home writing to Russian Fur Company and to [Duncan] Finlayson . . . Tea & Bed at 10, very warm oppressive Weather.

Saturday, September 1 — Copying letter to Russian Fur Company before Breakfast. Afterwards called on Mr. Milbanke & showed it to him. Approved, the Diplomatist light flippant and evident

Part of the Admiralty, Labanoff Palace, Peter's statue and the new Cathedral of St Isaac, from Granville's Journal.





The Imperial Academy of Sciences and Observatory, as shown in Granville's Journal of travels to St Petersburg, 1828.

not well qualified for the Situation he fills . . . Called on Baron Stenglozh who read our Letter to the Russian Fur Company & approved it. Called likewise on Thompson Bonar & gave it to them to be Translated into Russian . . . Viewed the Palace burnt down & gutted last Winter and now rebuilding a noble Edifice & exceedingly handsome, the work conducted by a Scotchman. . . . went to Dinner at Mr. Bairds . . . Visited the Admiralty & Dock yard to Day very fine, likewise the Senate House.

Sunday, September 2 — Dull heavy looking morning. Occupied till ½ past 11 writing, proceeded to the Rail Road . . . Entered one of the Cars and drove out a distance of about 16 miles to the Palace of Zaskayzello [Tsarskoye Selo] where the Emperor resides except in the depth of winter. The grounds are very fine & the Palace itself truly magnificent of an immense size & most superbly furnished . . . Visited likewise the Arsenal in the same grounds being a Museum of Armour of all sorts sizes forms & Ages . . . At the Engine Station there are a number of public Rooms occupied by hundreds of parties Eating Drinking Smoking chatting laughing . . . Entered the Cars again at 2 O'Clock and proceeded 4 Miles to Pawlofsky [Paulowsky] where there is another Palace with beautiful pleasure grounds and public Rooms laid out a la Vauxhall very handsome and well got up and crowded with Visitors altho the weather was wet close and uncomfortable . . . After ranging about this place we were met by Mr. Alex Thal we proceeded to his Country House prettily situated close to the palace grounds & very tastefully laid out . . . afterwards to Vauxhall . . . Remained until 10 . . . reached Home about ½ past 11. To Bed at 12. The weather disagreeable but much entertained by to Days amusement altho Sunday . . .

Monday, September 3 — Mr. Pelly received Letters . . . Advices of Dr. McLoughlins arrival at Montreal Captn. Home & 4 men Drowned in the Columbia. Leith left £10,000 the interest to be applied to Religious instruction to the North American Indians . . . Wrote to James Keith. Called on Thompson Bonar & Companys. Went to see the Gallery of Paintings at the Hermitage Palace, many of the finest masters. Reubens, Corregio, Tenyers, Van Dyke &c. &c. quite a Treat. Afterwards visited the Residence of Peter the Great when he first established Petersburg, a very small wooden Tenement nearly in ruins containing 3 Rooms, an altar piece in one of them with lights eternally Burning. At 5 went to Mr. Wilsons and took a long Drive with him among the Islands where there are a great many Country Houses very pretty places, visited the Palace at the Islands a delightful Summer residence — no end to Palaces. St. James a Pig sty compared with them & Buckingham House little more than an ordinary dwelling. In the Houses of some of the Russian nobility they have at times 1000 Slaves and in some of the Palaces 2000 Soldiers can be quartered . . . got Home at 12 tired of my Days excursion.

Tuesday, September 4 — Wrote to McLoughlin before Breakfast to Secretary Smith afterwards. Hubbard called & took us to the Public Library. Saw at Dixons Library a report of our Northern Discovery Expedition [Dease and Simpson]. The public Library a fair Building with an immense

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The new Church of Kazan at St Petersburg, from Depping's 'Voyage pittoresque' published in 1832.

collection of Books. Afterwards visited the Fish Fowl & Poultry Market well Stocked. Showery nasty Day. Mr. Savarine the Chairman of the Russian American Company called, saw Mr. Pelly, I was out. Speaks English was very polite & seemed most anxious to establish a good understanding with the H.B. Coy. Says Wrangall is arrived & will have a meeting tomorrow to consider our proposition which will then be sent to them with a Russian translation. Mr. Pelly not well. Breast complaint. Dined at Mr. Coldays with a large party about 20 excellent Dinner, a great variety of wines & every thing in good Style. Got home at 10 Eat Mushrooms & feel queer about Stomach.

Wednesday, September 5 — Was exceedingly ill all night Stomach & Bowels deranged & very Sick & uncomfortable to Day. Breakfasted on a cup of Tea. Wrote to my sweet little Wifey to James Keith & to Secretary Smith. Called at Thompson Bonar & Co. for the translation of our Letter to the Directors of the Russian Fur Company. Not ready & cannot get original or translation until Tomorrow. Went Home & wrote an other copy of the Letter to be delivered immediately in English. Engaged to Dinner at Hubbards about 20 miles in the Country but very unwell & cannot accompany Mr. Pelly who Started at 2 oClock & will return Tomorrow morning. Called on Jubb with my Letter for the Directors of Russian American Company he accompanied me to Mr. Suverins an old German the only Director who Speaks English, found him Dressing for a meeting of the Directors at which Wrangal is to attend. Sat with him an hour, a Stupid old thief who professes to know every thing about the country & Trade but really knows nothing. Gave him the Letter, the Russian Translation to be sent Tomorrow. Will endeavour to arrange a meeting with Mr. Pelly myself & the other Directors either Tomorrow or next Day. Jubb pressed me to go home & Spend the Evening quietly with him, but not sufficiently well to move from Home. Had a cup of Tea at 4 Read till 8 & turned in after Bathing my feet in Warm Water . . .

Thursday, September 6 — Passed a good night & feel better to Day . . . Had an interview with Mr. Souverin the Russian American Director. Sent in the Russian translation of our propositions to the Company . . . Walked along with Jubb along the Regent Street of St. Petersburg to look at the Shops & pretty Women, all the good looking are either French or German and a few English . . . Dressed & went to Dinner at Baron Studleozs in the Country . . . The company continued to pour in till ½ past 6 when we sat down 50 in number to the most Splendid Banquet I ever beheld . . . The old Baron sat at the middle of the Table the British Minister on his Right Mr. Pelly on his left, then General Wilson on the one

side & Admiral Record on the other then my self & corresponding with me Count Somebody . . . The Barons Iced Champagne Punch was the most delicious thing I ever tasted. The Table set out with ornamental plate & glass & beautiful Silver Stands with Flowers a Tumbler & 5 beautifully cut glasses of different sizes plate napkin & Bread for each Sitter. Two soups handed round on each side the table, afterwards . . . Larded Beef, afterwards Artichokes afterwards 2 kinds of Fish, afterwards Game Pie, afterwards Venison Steaks, afterwards Vegetables of some kind, afterwards double Snapes, afterwards Iced Champane Punch afterwards Iced Creams, afterwards other Sweets, afterwards Peaches, Apricots Pineapples . . . Then a general move to the Drawing Room. Coffee . . . Then Liqueurs. Then cards, then Tea and at 12 oClock adieus & break up. In going one of our Horses got the Staggers & on wheeling round came in contact with the chariot & 4 of Milbank & the Dutch minister: knocked off the lamp & broke the carriage glasses down came our Horse. The Dutch Ministers open carriage light driving after Milbankes picked us up. Gave the Driver 5 Rubles. The ambassadors laughed heartily & so did we having the best of the joke which only cost 5 Rubles whereas to the Diplomatists it must have cost 100 in Broken Lamp & glasses . . .

Friday September 7 — Got up with a head Ache. Breakfasted at 10 came to the Commercial Club Room & accompanied Colday Hubbard & the English clergyman to the Fortress where we saw the whole process of smelting gold & silver . . . Afterwards visited the Cathedral in which all the members of the Royal Family are entombed . . . Service going forward, the Singing good & the Altar piece absolutely dazzling with Brilliantcy. The people eternally crossing themselves & knocking their noses against the pavement. At 12 went to the Russian American House, found Baron Wrangal there, an extraordinary looking ferret Eyed, Red Whiskered & mustachioed little creature in full Regimentals not half the size of [Joseph] Beioley, very thin weak & delicate but evidently a sharp clever little creature. 3 Directors evidently. Stupid to a Degree. The Admiral we met yesterday at Baron Stengloz and Captn. Etoliny, a very good looking fellow. Wrangal was very polite & he & I were delighted to meet having heard much of each other & having corresponded as far back as the year 1825 or 6. The Baron on behalf of the Company said they would be most happy to establish a good understanding with the H.B. Coy. They had half made up their minds to have no further dealings with the Americans & the Treaty would not be renewed affording admission into the Russian Ports on the North West Coast. Baron Wrangal said moreover that the priviledge of the Company in regard to Trade would terminate with the close of the ensuing year and that it might not be renewed so that they would have some difficulty in entering into any arrangement with the Company for a term of years. Wrangal further said that he had made an arrangement at Chili by which they would be supplied with Grain at lower prices than we could furnish it likewise goods from England. In short with any professed desire of doing business with us he Stated numberless difficulties. Such as the great Scarcity of goods with us, the disappointment he experienced in regard to the arrangement he made with [Peter Skene] Ogden for a supply of goods which he could not fulfil, our want of Shipping to carry the grain. We proposed to supply them deliverable at Fort Simpson with wheat at 12/6 Sterling p. Fanega of 126 lbs., bulky goods from England at 75 p. Cent. & finer goods at 50 p. Cent. on Invoice cost. We left our Book of Invoice prices with them for comparison with their prices and we are to have a further interview with them on Thursday when they will give a final answer. The Directors are Souverin, Cuesoff & Wrangal seems to have a controuling power in short he seems to have the principal management & I imagine represents the Government in their councils. Wrangal seemed to feel much interest in the Discoveries of Dease & Simpson, I gave him one of the Narratives & left our North American map with him. Their Stock is in 7000 Shares of 500 rubles each now worth 900 Rubles p. Share & pays 7 p. Cent. p. Am. or 14 p. Cent. every 2nd year. Wrangal says they most Sell Arms & Ammunition but admitted they sold Spirits. Etoliny speaks good English & so does Wrangal. The impression on my mind is that they will not have any dealings with us . . . To Bed at 10.

Saturday, September 8 — Mr. Wilson & his Son called . . . and conducted us to Alexandroska about 8 miles from town where his Brother General Wilson conducts or superintends a very large Government Establishment consisting of Cotton Spinning, Sail Cloth Manufactury Linnen . . . At ¼ to 5 Dr. Laferre called & conducted us to the 'English Club' where we Dined as his Guests. It is called the English Club having been founded about 80 years ago by a few Englishmen . . . got Home at ½ past 10. Had a Warm Bath & turned in.

Sunday, September 9 — Went to Church the English Chapel well attended, about 200 people, the Clergyman Read & preached well, a very neat comfortable place . . . Could not help remarking to Day the neat cleanly comfortable appearance of the people from the Peasant upwards. There seems to be no poverty in St. Petersburg, all the Houses are very large more like noblemans mansions than any thing else the Streets very wide & well paved & everything connected with the Town on a magnificent Scale Palaces, Public offices, Statutes, Squares, Streets

Houses &c. &c. nearly all the lower orders not military are Slaves living in their masters Houses, laying about the passages outhouses &c. & living on Black Bread & [illegible] a Vile Drink of the Beer kind infinitely worse than our worst Table Beer. These Slaves are a Saleable commodity but the Masters have not the power of Life & Death over them altho they sometimes subject them to a Slow Death by Flogging & Starvation. The poor Devils cannot run away because no one can quit the Town with[out] a passport nor can any one change his Lodging for a single night with out a pass; so that the movements of the most insignificant person are known to the police . . .

Monday, September 10 — Called on Hodgson (out) . . . Crossed the Nevea to the *Sirius* office . . . On our return saw a Scoundrel of a police officer Strike a Waterman across the face to the effusion of Blood without a cause. Had the poor fellow returned the Blow I suppose he would have been knouted. The police & soldiery have a great deal too much power which they exercise most unsparingly. From such oppression good Lord Deliver us . . . issued cards for invitation to Dinner on Thursday to Baron Stengloz & Son, Hubbard, Baird, Genl. Wilson, John Wilson & Son 2 Thals, Calday Hodgson, Jubb, Leferre, Plincke, Baron Wrangal, Captn. Etoliny, Admiral Record & Directors of R[ussian] Am. Coy. Procofief, Severin & Koosaff. Drove out to Baron Stengloz Spinning Mill under the charge of Mr. Craig a Scotchman . . . Afterwards visited the Ministry Saw the Silver Coffin of St. Alexander. Beautiful Shrine & superb embellishments, with Hundreds of all sorts sizes & classes crossing themselves & knocking their Noses most severely against the pavement. The weather exceedingly close & hot got home at 3 oClock faint & fatigued & felt as if I had Drunk too much of Plinckes wine last night. This [is] a holyday or Saints Day and a number of the lower orders Drunk, out of the 365 Days in the year not more than 200 are Working Days: the rest Saints Days, a prodgious waste of time. As the people become more enlightened these Holydays are gradually diminishing in number. Declined Invitation to Jubb, quite worn out with Eating & Drinking and most anxious to get back to the Wife & Didy. Dined at home . . . Looked at some music & curiosity Shops, but unwilling to buy on account of the difficulty of Landing things.

Tuesday, September 11 — This is another Vile Saints Day; all Petersburg out to see the Procession of St. Alexanders & we among the rest about 50,000 people collected, all the Priests in their full canonicals in procession some large bearded pretty fellows among them who seemed to Eye the pretty girls as they went along. The people very orderly, a number of the Military & higher ranks well dressed of both Sexes in their carriages & 4 with State liveries 2 footmen behind &c. Many of these beggerly grandees are up to their Ears in Debt & have not a good Dinner to sit down to. The principal income of most of the Nobility arises from the Service of their Slaves whom they let out as Labourers Coachmen Tradesmen &c. receiving a certain proportion of their pay. Our Coachman Vaccelli had nearly upset us to Day one of his fore wheels breaking down. In the afternoon went to see the Triumphal Arch of the late Emperor Alexr. on the Petruska Road, one of the finest things about Petersburg. Mr. Pelly complaining of head Ache, declined going to dine at Thals 20 miles off . . . Wrote Read & contrived to kill time to Day which begins to hang very heavy on hand. Received Letters from London to Day . . . The Newspapers that arrived on Sunday not yet delivered. They are generally kept 3 or 4 Days for Examination by the Police.

Wednesday, September 12 — . . . Called with Jubb at Chaplains he is to send Pelly Simpson & Co. an order for £5000 worth of Furs in Nov., his annual demand about £15,000, declined Invitation to Dine out & went to the opera in the Evening. Saw the angelic Taglioni all grace, absolutely skims across the Stage, a perfect Sylph, Ariel Zephyr Seraphim the link between the winged & unwinged Tribes, a House about the size of Drury Lane, very pretty & Tastely fitted up. Crammed with Government people ¾th of the men in Uniform & the Women uniformly ugly. The Pit much more comfortable than in the London Theatres, chairs instead of forms and every seat numbered. In the course of to Day saw a number of Soldiers employed as Labourers in Landing & Shipping Goods. These men get leave of absence from their respective Regts. which they employ in Labour on hire allowing their officers half their Wages, the Labour of the Soldiers thus constituting a great part of the emoluments of the officers who are miserably paid, a most nefarious System!

Thursday, September 13 — Took a turn round the Grand Bazaar with Mr. Pelly & Hubbard purchased some little ornaments & a pair of Slippers for my Sweet little Deck. Afterwards went to the Police office & Custom House to gett passports. Afterwards called at the Russian American Coys. office & Saw Mr. Severin & Mr. Cusoff Mr. Procofeof ill & Wrangal at the Admiralty, recd. Letter in answer to our proposition which altho professing good feeling & a desire to do business with us is not conclusive. Had a turn out before Dinner . . . at 6 our Dinner guests made their appearance . . . Cusoff Procofeof & Milbanke sent apologies, a good Dinner at 10 Rubles a head, plenty of Wine Coffee & broke up at ½ past 9 a very agreeable Evening, a great deal of fun & marriment. Old Stengloz very severe on the management of the Russian American Coys. affairs.

New York Public Library

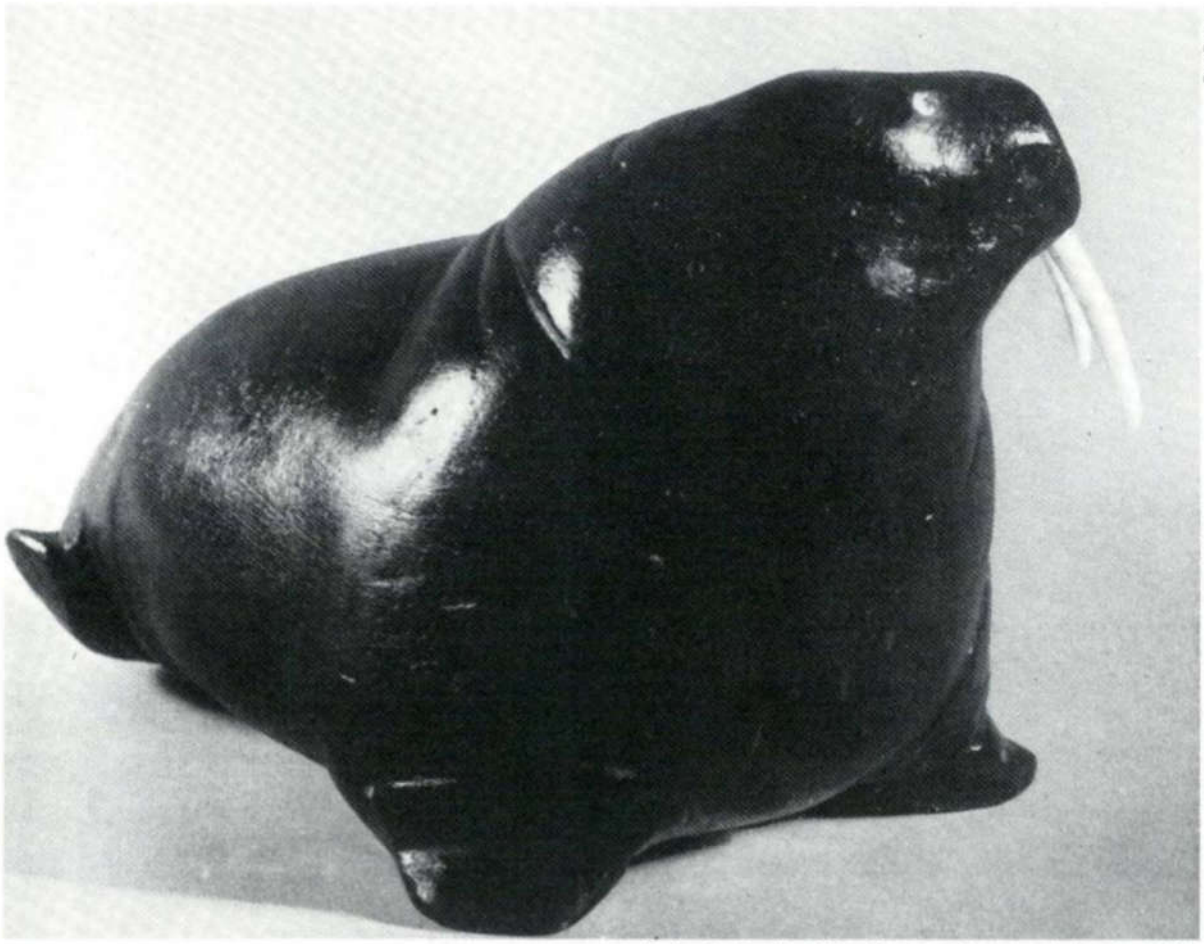
Marie Taglioni, the ballerina whose dancing in St Petersburg enchanted George Simpson.

Wrangal & I very thick, a nice intelligent clever little man, regret much we have not seen much of each other. To call Tomorrow. . .

Friday, September 14 — Took & paid our passages on board the *Sirius*, Mr. Pelly to Copenhagen & Self to London. At 11 Baron Wrangal entered we spoke much about arrangements. Friendly intercourse &c. &c. & had nearly separated when I in a last effort threw out another Bait that of Selling them our Fort Simpson Furs which they could import as the produce of their own Colony on the N.W. Coast & thereby be admissable to entry for Home Consumption or Sale to the Chinese free of Duty. This threw a new light on the subject, the little Baron opened his Eyes as if wakened from a Dream caught at the thing instantly. I pointed out to him that it would not be worth our while to enter into any partial arrangements with the Russian American Coy. nor to have any dealings with people who would descend to the Splitting of Straws, but if they would take all we had to propose as a *whole* & entered into a liberal & Friendly compact with us it would be greatly to their advantage & enable them to double their Dividends very soon. On the contrary, we should have nothing to do with them but in determined opposition & that in 2 or 3 years hence the consequence would be that instead of paying 14 p. Cent. every second year they would pay no more than 7 every second year. The Baron agreed with me said he would bring the subject as a whole under the consideration of the Directors Stockholders & Minister of finance & assured me the thing would be done. In talking about Furs he said they required them Dressed I replied that we could accommodate them either by Dressing them in England or sending a Furrier or Dresser to the country. I think we shall be able to Sell them nearly all our N.W. Coast Furs at much higher prices on the Spot than in England. In short we make 8 to £10,000 p. Anm. out of these Worthies I shall not be satisfied. Wrote the Directors a formal Letter declining their counter proposition & referring to our conversation with Wrangal. In the afternoon Suveren called, quite disappointed that we had broken off & neglected their proposition & producing a list of Goods with their last prices saying they would take their supplies from us at the same. We appeared indifferent about partial arrangemts. would not descend to trifling details of particular articles or fractional dealings. The whole of our plan as proposed must be accepted or none. No Chandler Shop operations; we should be glad to hold out the hand of good fellowship & equally ready to enter the lists of opposition. The old man was amazed & said they must throw themselves on our liberality. We must follow this up by extending our Cultivation & establishing Stikine forthwith. Wrote to Jubb about purchasing Furs for Chaplain & sending us some caviar . . . The whole of our Expenses in St. Petersburg for 3 weeks including passage money to Copenhagen & London about 2100 Rubles. Tired of Russia & disgusted with its Govt. Laws institutions &c.

Saturday, September 15 — Up at 5 packed Baggage Wrote private Letter to Wrangal. Gave papers from Russian American Coy. to Hubard to be translated. Started from the Hotel & got on board the Crondstadt Steamer at the English Quay. Gave a 5 Ruble piece to a passport officer as a Bribe to prevent his unlocking & [illegible] Baggage, the Scoundrell took the hint most kindly . . . off at 11. Got to Cronstadt at 1 Went on board the *Sirius*, put our Baggage to rights, took possession of our Berths, fine Ship, handsomely fitted up, but badly officered & manned. Would have gone ashore at Cronstadt in the Evening but afraid of difficulty about our passports & the chance of not getting on board again. Good Dinner . . . Received my Pistols that were taken from me on arrival at Cronstadt through the Agency of Mr. [blank] the Commercial Agent at Cronstadt. At 8 our clearance & Passports came on board and the Villainous Customs & Police officers took their departure, a good riddence . . .

Sunday, September 16 — At 6 A.M. Got our Steam up. Weighed Anchor & off . . . □



Bert Beaver

Walrus by Syoolie of Port Harrison. Photographed in June 1951.

ESKIMO SCULPTORS

By James A. Houston

LOOKING out of the post window at Port Harrison across the hard-packed drifts to the sea ice, we saw two black dots slowly become dog teams hauling their heavy sleds. 'It's Syoolie and Amidilak with their families' announced Tommy, the Eskimo post servant coming in for the keys to the fur shed.

Norman Ross, manager of the HBC post at Harrison, finished his morning coffee and drew on his boots and parka. With the gleam of the old competitive fur trader in his eye, he walked down the hill to the store.

Inside, the nailheads glistened with frost and the wooden floor seemed colder than the snow. We agreed that if any of the hunters on the east coast should have a good fox catch, it would be Syoolie, one of the very best. I was expecting a number of interesting handicrafts, too, having bought articles of excellent quality from Syoolie's camp on his last visit, six weeks before.

Dogs yelping excitedly, the teams drew up in a cloud of steam. Syoolie, Amidilak and two young men from their camps stamped into the store. Norm nodded in greeting. 'How was the hunting?'

'Well, not too good' admitted Syoolie. 'Some seals. The women are getting a few fish. As for the fox, that was very bad — only six for the whole camp.'

Amidilak silently took from his bag two sealskins, practically worthless, and the one fox that represented the entire catch for his camp. 'The fox did not run near our camp. It is indeed a poor year.'

Norm shook his head, and gave them what he could.

The business of fur trading completed, Syoolie came to speak a few words with me. *'Sinouruk tahukpeet?'*, I asked him. 'Have you any of the small things you make?'

'Aii!' Here was the means to get more cartridges, and perhaps tea, if I, whom they called the Left-Handed One, liked the small carved things he had left, almost forgotten, on the sled.

Syoolie returned almost immediately, carrying two large sealskin bags. So that the others could not see his carvings, Syoolie turned his back to them, and began unpacking. First, a bear carved in black soapstone, next a man in a kyak, a stone igloo . . . all illustrating the Eskimo creator's fine eye for detailed accuracy and his complete anatomical knowledge of the people and animals around him. And then, the Walrus! This was the fourth and last article that Syoolie brought from his bag. Beautifully carved, fat, with rich proportion; this stone walrus with ivory tusks was, I thought, the best piece that Syoolie, a fine stone-carver, had ever brought to me. I spoke enthusiastically 'This is very good. It is a wonderful likeness of a walrus. I would like you to make me another.'

Syoolie looked again at the walrus, with pride and

Richard Harrington

The Company buildings at Port Harrison: store, residence, and, in the foreground, warehouse. March 1959.

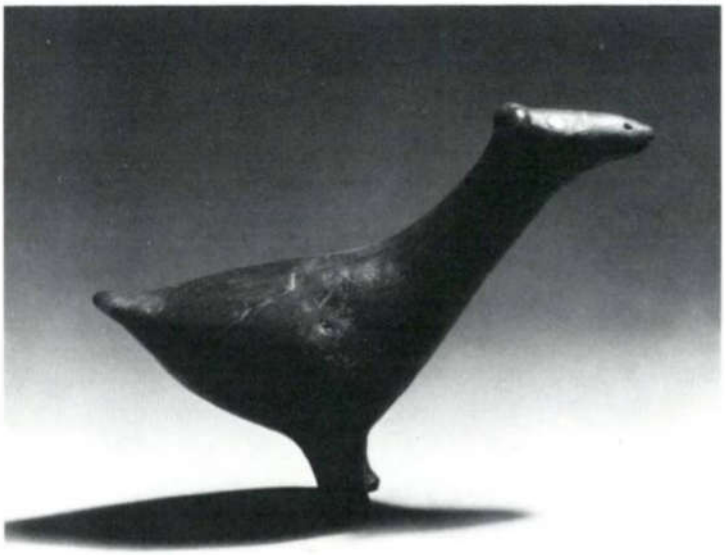
Bert Beaver

'The Drum Dancers' by Akeeaktashook of Port Harrison. June 1951.

Richard Harrington

Basket woven of grass, carved soapstone handles. Made by Elizabeth Nigeok of Port Harrison. March 1959.

Bert Beaver



Carving by Amidilak of Port Harrison. 'Dog of a spirit'. June 1951.

a little bewilderment. 'You see that I can carve a perfect walrus; why would you have me carve another?'

As I wrote the chit which he would immediately trade for necessities here at the post, I suggested: 'Syoolie has not yet made a caribou.'

'Next time I come, I will bring a caribou carved more perfectly than any you have seen.' Syoolie stepped aside, and Amidilak, more artist than hunter, took his place.

Many prominent critics believe that the Eskimo of the Eastern Arctic are producing Canada's finest contemporary art, and that every attempt must be made to encourage and maintain their individuality and pride of primitive forms. Amidilak's art forms — a bold interpretation of the sea-goddess Sedna, a delicately carved snowbird in ivory and a miniature stone lamp — were excellent examples of this primitiveness and originality.

Now the wives of Syoolie and Amidilak shyly came forward to offer their work. Syoolie's wife, like all Eskimo women, was a meticulous seamstress and had made several pairs of elaborate sealskin slippers. Amidilak's wife had created Eskimo dolls with stone faces, carefully dressed in caribou-skin clothing; and a family of Eskimo dolls with ivory faces. Each of the women had brought baskets, beautifully woven of arctic grass, with handles carved in stone and ivory.

Unlike our Indians, Eskimo women do not know the use of dyes for decorative purposes. Their use of narrow black sealskin strips interwoven in animal designs produces an interesting and original effect. These were exceptionally fine baskets, and having received their payment, the two women happily discussed together the purchases they would make.

I was very pleased with the quality and the increased production of these two camps. I indicated to Norm that our handicraft trading was over, when Amidilak edged nearer, his son Koonie beside him. 'The boy has made something to show you.'

Koonie, a handsome thirteen-year-old, timidly drew out of a pocket his art form, tightly clutched in his hand. It was a carving in stone of a small boy, kneeling, arms uplifted as in a dance. The movement in the figure was magnificent!

The Eskimo project of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild began with a test purchase in the Port Harrison-Povungnetuk areas in the summer of 1949. I had visited Harrison while on a painting trip the previous summer, and on my return to Montreal, the few small carvings I had been able to collect were shown to members of the Guild. They were impressed by the artistic importance of the articles, immediately became interested in the potentialities of the Eskimo work, and so decided upon the test purchase, requesting that I return to the Arctic and carry out the project.

Richard Harrington

Ningeyuk of Port Harrison with a carving by Lucassie Nowyakudluk. March 1959.

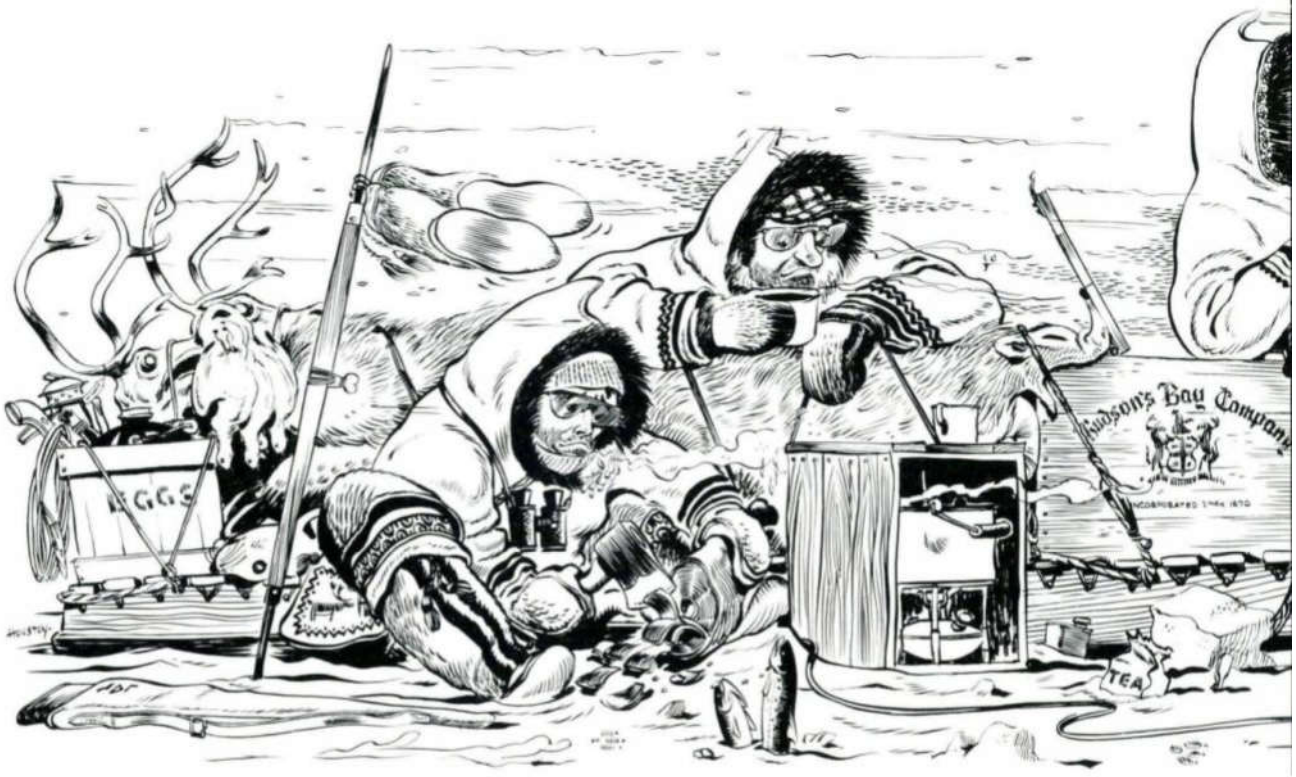
Having learned at Port Harrison during my previous visit that the natives in that area were in need of additional means of making a living, I was glad of the opportunity to begin there. Povungnetuk and Cape Smith were also, as it later proved, excellent places for the introduction of the handicrafts endeavour.

The Hudson's Bay Company gave fullest co-operation to the plan, providing food and much valuable information. Norm Ross helped immensely with the payment to the Eskimos by evolving the system of chits, which they trade in the store for their necessities. His understanding and enthusiasm were important factors in establishing with the natives the idea that we were prepared to buy a considerable quantity of their handicrafts. Once the Eskimo fully understood that, the place became a veritable hive of activity. Summer is always a time when they have little or nothing to trade, and they gladly devoted much of their time and interest to their new industry.

From the outset, the project progressed favourably, and the Eskimos in all three of the places visited were enthusiastically creating before the trip had ended. My headquarters, the Anglican Mission at Harrison, was most satisfactory. The Anglican Arctic Diocese had kindly given me their permission to use the building, which was not being used at that time by the church.

During the trip, about a thousand articles were bought; these were priced for a November sale at the Peel Street shop of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild in Montreal. The Guild had advertised the sale, scheduled to last a full week. It was over, however, in three days. All the articles had been sold!

A representative of the Department of Mines and Resources had visited the Harrison area during the summer, and had seen the test purchase as a definite aid to the Eskimo economy. Later, the decision was made in Ottawa that a grant from the Department would be offered to the Guild, to extend their arctic



project and to offset travelling and shipping expenses. On receipt of this encouraging help, the Guild's second arctic operation was planned.

The plan was to visit Chesterfield Inlet, in the spring of 1950. This trip was postponed, due to reports that the Harrison-Povungnetuk area had suffered an extremely poor fox year. At the government's request, the east coast of Hudson Bay was revisited, from February to July 1950.

During that period the Eskimos produced handicrafts at the purchase cost of a thousand dollars a month — in the Harrison area alone.

As well as this increase in production, the quality of the pieces greatly improved. After July, when I returned to Montreal to prepare for the Chesterfield trip, Norm Ross at Harrison and Irvine Gardiner at Povungnetuk continued purchases throughout the summer, and are still doing so at the present time. With co-operation of this kind, the venture will continue to succeed.

Repulse Bay was the next place to be visited for the development of handicrafts, and a satisfactory beginning was made. The culture of the Repulse Eskimos differs considerably from that of the east coast natives, though they are as anxious to create. A number of interesting pieces was purchased, one of the differences being the larger percentage of ivory work. Here also the Hudson's Bay Company post manager, Alec Spalding, is continuing purchases for the Guild.

At this date, more than eleven thousand pieces have been purchased. The Eskimo's desire for originality is clearly illustrated, in that of all these, no two are really alike.

The Guild has attempted to develop those things made by the Eskimo that are thought to be most interesting and saleable to the public. We encourage them to select better stone, to age the ivory for durability, and to clean the skins in order to remove the odour. Sinew-sewing and original designs are encouraged, and every attempt is being made to utilize the materials native to the Arctic.

None of these crafts has been *taught* by the Guild. They are age-old in the Eskimo culture. The enormously strong creative urge of the Eskimo is found in children as young as Koonie. It has been the policy of the Canadian Handicrafts Guild to purchase all their works, usually at a fairly small price, to encourage children's activities in this direction, even though the work is for the most part unsaleable. They earn opportunities to contribute to the needs of the family, and their artistic improvement is rapid.

Looking towards the future of the Eskimo, with the Arctic rapidly opening up, it is his first step into industry. Government relief in these areas is being reduced, and the natives are obviously well pleased with their new earning power.

With more than seventy-five percent of their members over fourteen years of age in one area actively engaged in artistic endeavours, the Eskimo are certainly Canada's liveliest art group. □

Following his buying trip to Port Harrison in 1949, Jim Houston recorded his memories of a 'mug-up' on the trail with Norman Ross, seated left and J. W. Anderson, centre, then the district manager of the Eastern Arctic Division, with headquarters in Winnipeg. 'Both were lean Highland Scots, believing with all their hearts in the virtues of the thrifty and frugal life' explains Jim Houston. 'They often said that any young man worth his salt ought to be able to live off the country as the two of them had more or less done as younger men.'

PRESIDENT FOR A DAY

By Frank Walker

When Frank Walker wrote this article in 1949 he was an editorial writer for the 'Winnipeg Free Press'. In 1951 the author joined the H B C as head of public relations, and in 1959 he moved to Montreal where he became editor-in-chief of the 'Montreal Star'.

THESE DAYS when republics are respectable members of the Commonwealth and even kings can become first citizens, the experiment of Mr Thomas Spence in the settlement of Portage la Prairie seems almost commonplace. Furthermore, it failed; and failures are rarely great. It was the trial that finished it, of course. No government could have survived that, even a government led by Mr Spence, late, as he used to say, officer in Colonel Gorman's Regiment of Foot, acquaintance of D'Arcy McGee, land surveyor and, finest achievement of all, first and only president of the Republic of Manitoba. Lesser men, in fact, would have quit trying there and then, and it is his measure that he carried on long enough to receive a monumental rebuff from the Duke of Buckingham.

But Thomas Spence was never an ordinary man. From his arrival in the little Red River settlement early in the winter of 1866, until the salt mines claimed him two years later, he cut a daring and delightful swath through western history. It is a tribute to him that he could do what he did in the brief space of twenty-four months, and no tribute to the present that he is almost forgotten. In the two years between his arrival in the settlement and his entry into the salt business on the shore of Lake Manitoba, he managed a career as full of rascality and slick politics as the West has seen. He was representative of his period. He came when the flood of agitation for self-government was reaching its crest. He added his own peculiar talents to it, and if these proved of ephemeral value, they have left us with a choice incident of history.

He shines in two particular episodes, the first of which ended in wild confusion and one of the finest brawls in the history of the Red River settlement, and the second — the subject of this narrative — where he became president of the Republic of Manitoba. The first ended in 'Dutch George' Emmerling's bar, and resulted in its general destruction; the second involved the little settlement at Portage. In between he was reportedly responsible for a letter sent to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, 'to the first born of our Great Mother over the sea,' ostensibly from the Indians of the Red River. It was an invitation offering free board and free hunting, including buffalo, and an appointment as 'Royal Chief'.

The Prince, fortunately, was unable to accept and Mr Spence was spared to turn his talents to the formation of that republic upon which his fame rests. Sometime in the spring of 1867, he moved from Fort Garry to Portage where, says Mr Robert B. Hill, the Manitoba historian, 'from his peculiar disposition, he was not long in inaugurating himself as one of the leading factional spirits of the settlement.' Once again Mr Spence found conditions eminently suitable to his talents. Old Archdeacon Cockran, who had founded the settlement in 1851, had ruled over it with stern moral and spiritual authority for more than a decade. He had organized a council and court of jurisdiction resembling the court of Assiniboia which presided at Fort Garry. He had established trial by jury, though he was not above summary justice when he felt the occasion called for it. But in 1865 he had died. Into the gap left by his death Mr Spence moved quickly. The position of the settlement was strange. It was outside the judicial district of Assiniboia, into which, as a matter of fact, it had been refused incorporation. Such laws as it had were of its own making. They had no backing but the voluntary co-operation of the settlers. Quite obviously it was far too loose a social system for Mr Spence to tolerate.

He set about to organize it. Within a few months of his arrival the republic was born, though why he chose this form of government remains a mystery. He had not shown republican tendencies during his short stay at Fort Garry. Rather, he had opposed the American and supported the Canadian party. It may have been a whim. Or it may have been the only system which he thought could insure the supremacy of Thomas Spence. Certainly he does not seem to have been very clear as to the exact status of his government. As a good politician, he was strictly a believer in politics as 'the art of the possible', and if it had to be a republic under a monarchy, well, that was all right too.

In any event, there it was, before the first snows, so far organized as to have Mr Spence as president, Mr J. Finlay Wray as secretary, and a council. There was even an oath of allegiance for such of the inhabitants of the Republic of Manitoba as felt like taking it. The

'. . . suggesting loudly that money was going for the purchase of beer and whisky for the president.'

boundaries were indefinite, limited only on the east by the judicial district of Assiniboia, but spreading to the north and west in vast, unending waves, which must have troubled the surveyor in the president.

The first task of the new government was, naturally enough, the construction of a court house and a jail. But this needed funds, and funds meant a system of taxation. Mr Spence was evidently too smart a politican to consider a tax on property. A customs tariff was decided upon. And trouble began. With a haughty disdain for Mr Spence's government, the officer in charge of the Hudson's Bay post in the settlement refused to accept the notice which was served on all traders. He would pay no tax on his goods unless ordered to do so by the government of Rupert's Land. Thus, in one jump, the largest potential taxpayer was out of the net, but not for long, they hoped. The council decided to go ahead with its business. The jail was a-building and when it was ready there would be more to say on this matter of taxes.

Meanwhile, however, more trouble had appeared in the person of one McPherson, a shoemaker, who lived at High Bluff, not far from the settlement, and who had little use for Mr Spence, his dignity or his office. Mr McPherson, in between mending shoes, moved around the settlement, suggesting loudly that the money raised from taxes, instead of going into the jail, was actually going for the purchase of beer and whisky for the president and his colleagues. The suggestion had the added merit of being generally accepted as true, and it became a source of considerable embarrassment to the government. To Mr Spence's credit, reason preceded force. It was suggested to Mr McPherson that he might be better occupied than in the spreading of such gossip. Such tolerance was of no avail. McPherson merely improved and embellished his stories and the end became clearly inevitable. He was indicted for treason and a warrant was issued for his arrest.

The full force of the law in the person of the republic's two constables, William Hudson and Henry Anderson, was despatched, Mr Hill tells us, to bring him in 'dead or alive'. Such a task required fortification and, before setting out to effect the arrest, the two constables drank freely of government whisky. Then they proceeded on their way, heralding their advance with much noise. They found Mr McPherson ostentatiously cleaning his revolver, having been warned of their visit by the neighbours.

Mr Hudson went first. He produced his warrant and then attempted to enforce it. While he and McPherson were wrestling, the second constable entered, and it is significant evidence of their condition that in the ensuing tussle Mr McPherson was able to escape. He left by foot, in the general direction of Assiniboia.

The chase was now on and it does not require any imagination to catch in it the full flavour of the republic. On foot, out ahead, was McPherson the

'"Save me, save me, McLean!" shouted McPherson, as Hudson attempted to drag him back.'

cobbler, fifty miles to go to safety, for he could hardly have hoped to find any real security in an invisible boundary; behind, comfortably ensconced in a jumper and well fortified with whisky, was the Law, its dignity ruffled. The snow, off the trail, was deep and McPherson, attempting to even up the odds, plunged into it, when he was over-hauled. This time he did not escape. After a brief but severe struggle, he was pulled down and thrown into the low sleigh. His clothes were badly torn.

If we now have the villain and the victim of the story, the hero is about to arrive, in the person of John McLean, whose patriarchal face stares out at us from the pages of Hill's history. McLean had come to the settlement when it had no more than sixty houses and when the white settlers numbered no more than two or three. His arrival was the first break in the old regime of the Indian and the Métis, and he was an unpopular figure. But, by the time of the republic, he was established in the community, and this afternoon he was on his way home when the jumper and its three occupants hove in sight. As it neared the McLean sleigh, one of the men jumped out and ran towards him. It was McPherson, holding up his tattered pants. Close behind him came Hudson.

'Fair play' cried McLean, thinking for some unexplained reason that it was a race.

'Save me, save me, McLean!' shouted McPherson, as Hudson attempted to drag him back.

It was just the scene for the man who had faced up to hostile Indians and had once staggered the settlement by appearing in full dress, complete with tall silk hat, to deal with two bucks who had planned to steal his horses.

'Stand back!' shouted McLean 'or I'll rin the auger through ye.'

Then he asked for an explanation, and having seen the warrant, urged McPherson to go peacefully, promising that he would be present to see justice done. That evening, with three miners who were visiting his home, he walked over to William Hudson's house, where the trial was taking place. The house was full. At one end of a long table sat Mr Spence; at the other, McPherson. In between was a lamp, lighting up the heavy, bearded figures in their rough homespun clothes. The republic's hour of trial was at hand.

The records do not indicate a jury. In any event, circumstances rendered a verdict unnecessary. Though he had seen the warrant, McLean asked what the charge was.

'Treason to the laws of the republic' said Spence.

'We hae nae laws' replied McLean. 'Wha's the accuser?'

'Mr Spence' one of the constables told him.

That was enough. The old man bristled with righteous indignation.

'Come oot o' that, you whited sepulchre, ye canna act as judge and accuser baith.'

It was high time order was restored. Things were getting out of hand very fast. Hudson ordered McLean to leave, or he would throw him out. McLean agreed to go but not, he added, through any fear of Hudson or Anderson, either. Whatever dignity had existed in the court had gone by this time. Hudson challenged McLean to fight. McLean said he would wait and see if one would be necessary. He started to walk out of the room. Seeing Hudson and Anderson following him, Bob Hastie, one of the three miners who had accompanied McLean to the court, warned Anderson, 'Ye're no gaun oot yer lane' and then he grabbed McPherson, exclaiming 'Come oot o' that an' no be sittin' there like a fule.'

McPherson must have been slow, for in the next second Hastie jerked him away from the table. As he did so a brother of Anderson jumped him and threw

him on his back. The brawl was on. Hastie, in turn, picked up Anderson and bounced him on the table, upsetting it and Spence also. In the dark, the miners drew their revolvers and fired into the ceiling. Nothing more was required to clear the court. Bodies flew out through the door and windows, and from under the table there was heard the plaintive voice of Mr Thomas Spence:

'For God's sake, men, don't fire! I have a wife and family.'

Less poignant phrases have marked the end of states!

For this was the end of the republic, as it was the end of the trial, though the following day another attempt was made to arrest McPherson, an attempt which was abandoned when one of the occupants of the house threatened to knock out the constable's brains.

That same day, McPherson and Spence met. McPherson asked him why he was being persecuted. Spence said, blandly, that he knew nothing about the matter. As far as he was concerned, it was all over. A new suit of clothes made things right and the *cause célèbre* of the republic was over.

The little state makes another brief appearance in history. In February 1868, Mr Spence visited Governor Dallas at Fort Garry. The governor was not helpful. No duties would be paid on Hudson's Bay Company goods and any attempt to collect them might be resisted by force. Furthermore, the oath of allegiance was illegal. There was one last hope. Mr Spence wrote another of his famous letters, this time to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs:

La Prairie, Manitoba,
Via Red River Settlement,
February 19th, 1868.

My Lord, — As President-elect by the people of the newly organized Government and Council of Manitoba, in British territory, I have the dutiful honour of laying before your Lordship, for the consideration of Her Most Gracious Majesty our beloved Queen, the circumstances attending the creation of this self-supporting petty government in this isolated portion of Her Majesty's dominions, and, as loyal British subjects, we humbly and sincerely trust that Her Most Gracious Majesty, and her advisers, will be pleased forthwith to give this favorable recognition, it being simply our aim to develop our resources, improve the condition of the people, and generally advance and preserve British interests in this rising Far West.

An humble address from the people of this settlement to Her Majesty the Queen was forwarded to the Governor-General of Canada, in June last, briefly setting forth the superior attractions of this portion of the British dominions, the growing population and the gradual influx of emigrants, and humbly praying for recognition, law and protection, to which no reply or acknowledgment has yet reached this people.

Early in January last, at a public meeting of settlers, who numbered over 400, it was unanimously decided to at once proceed to the election and construction of a government, which has accordingly been carried out; a revenue imposed, public buildings commenced to carry out the laws, provision made for Indian treaties, the construction of roads and other public works, tending to promote the interests and welfare of the people.

The boundaries of the jurisdiction being, for the time, proclaimed as follows: North from a point running due north from the boundary line of Assiniboia, till it strikes Lake Manitoba; thence from the point struck, a straight line across the said lake to Manitoba Post; thence by longitudinal line 51° till it intersects latitude 100°; west, by a line of latitude 100° to the boundary line of the United States and British America; east, the boundary line of the jurisdiction of the Council of Assiniboia; south, the boundary line between British North America and the United States.

I have the honor to remain, my Lord,
Your Lordship's obedient servant,

T. SPENCE,
Pres. of the Council.

What his Grace must have thought of this communication from the middle of nowhere, no one knows. It was probably considered just another spot of bother from what was, at the time, a very bothersome spot. Downing Street was used to such irritants. Instructions were issued to an under-secretary and the following reply sent off, full of 'so-called', 'probably not aware' and, 'no force in law'. It warms up pleasantly, to end with a flourishing reference to 'co-agitators'. It, too, is worth quoting:

Downing Street, May 30th, 1868.

Sir, — I am directed by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos to inform you that your letter of the 19th of February last, addressed to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has been forwarded to this department, and that His Grace has also received a copy of a letter addressed by you to Mr. Angus Morrison, a member of the Canadian Parliament, dated 17th of February last. In these communications you explain that measures have been taken for creating a so-called self-supporting government in Manitoba, within the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company. The people of Manitoba are probably not aware that the creation of a separate government, in the manner set forth in these papers, has no force in law, and that they have no authority to create or organize a government, or even to set up municipal institutions (properly so called) for themselves, without reference to the Hudson's Bay Company or the Crown.

Her Majesty's Government are advised that there is no objection to the people of Manitoba voluntarily submitting themselves to rules and regulations which they may agree to observe, for the greater protection and improvement of the territories in which they live, but which will have no force as regards others than those who may have so submitted themselves. As it is inferred that the intention is to exercise jurisdiction over offenders in criminal cases, to levy taxes compulsorily, and to attempt to put in force other powers which can only be exercised by a properly constituted government, I am desired to warn you that you and your co-agitators are acting illegally in this matter, and that by the course which you are adopting, you are incurring grave responsibilities.

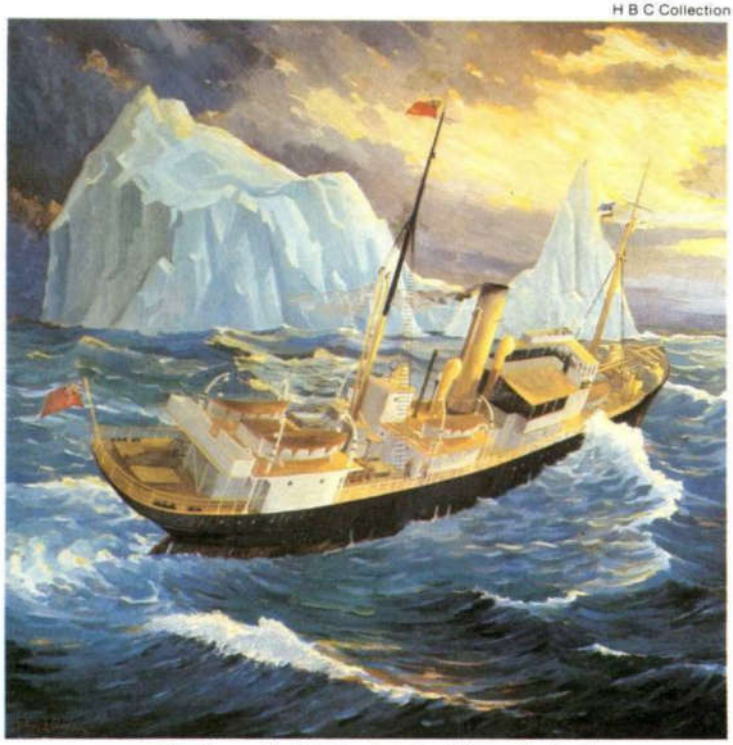
I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

.....

With that reply, nothing more is heard of the republic. It just faded away. Mr Spence entered the salt business. And all was over except the movement of which it was a part. For all its comic opera quality, it represented that drift towards confederation which was soon to come about. Professor Arthur S. Morton, in his *History of the Canadian West*, suggests that the republic was established partly to put the Company in bad light before the Imperial Government. It may well have been. Mr Spence's motives were not often what they appeared to be. □

H B C Collection



'The Nascopie'. Painting by John Ellison. Undated.

From 1912 to 1947 the 'Nascopie' was the HBC supply ship to Arctic posts. During World War I she ran supplies and munitions to the Russian ports of Murmansk and Archangel, in addition to her annual voyage to Hudson Bay.

'Nascopie' Downs Submarine

By Captain G. Edmund Mack

THE 1916-17 VOYAGES of the *Nascopie* may accurately be called eventful. We were to sail again from Brest for Archangel. In London I had tried to persuade the Admiralty to engage four or five Newfoundland sealing masters so that an efficient service could be maintained between Murmansk and Archangel with the icebreakers taken over from the Newfoundland sealing fleet. The Admiralty official blinked at the idea of paying sealing masters nearly as much as officers of flag-rank received, and was not impressed when I told him that one good Bonavista or Trinity Bay sealing master was worth ten admirals.

From Brest to Murmansk we had one or two heavy blows in the vicinity of Iceland, and we got fed up with the continual darkness and the snow storms, but one morning we anchored in the Kola Inlet. Things had changed quite a bit since our last visit. H.M.S. *Albemarle* and Captain Nugent had gone home, and the *Glory* had taken her place. I locked horns with the Principal Naval Transport Officer (a Commander R.N.R. in a brass hat) over a matter of coal. There were seven colliers there with the best Welsh coal aboard, but he ruled that the coal had to be kept for the *Glory*, and refused to fill up the *Nascopie*. We went into the White Sea in January 1917, with 250 tons less than I had asked for. The brass hat had the gall to tell me that since he had taken charge the ice question was being much better handled.

It took only eight or ten days for us to get within eighty miles of the mouth of the Archangel River, but there our luck turned. A heavy blizzard came out of the south-east and lasted five or six days. The snow was like fine, driven glass, and the ice pressure was terrific. The crew had to go over the side with axes, ice chisels and ropes to prevent the floes from coming on deck and flattening the rails. Another worry was that we drifted over the edges of the shoals in the Gourla and at times had only about three feet of

water under the ship. It was not very cheerful to go down into Mr Ledingham's shining engine room and hear the straining and the cracking of the floes outside. We speculated on our chances of reaching shore if the ship got crushed, but we were all used to the north and did not worry.

When the blizzard ended we were short of coal, and after a special hymn of hate to His Majesty's Principal Naval Transport Officer at Murmansk, I decided to try to make Yukanski harbour. The *Nascopie* worked through very heavy ice — and then I made a bad mistake. Ahead in the right direction was what appeared in the darkness to be a considerable patch of open water, and we worked towards it, the ice fairly loose so that the ship gathered quite a lot of way. We hit the supposed edge of the open water at a pretty good rate, and before I could get to the engine-room telegraph we were ashore on a large floe, many acres in extent. It had been swept clean by the wind and now looked as black as Satan's riding boots. The *Nascopie* came to a stop with a sort of helpless flop and settled down comfortably in the nest she had made for herself. There followed two days and two nights of hard labour with ice chisels, axes, blasting, and periodic frantic lashing astern with the engines. In the midst of it a telegram arrived from the officer at Murmansk who had refused us coal and was now enquiring when we should arrive at Archangel!

Eventually we got ourselves off the ice. Then came a nice gentle snow storm, and the chief engineer now doubted whether we had enough coal to reach Yukanski. However, we managed it, and found that the only rock and danger in Yukanski harbour was well marked because the *Canada* (formerly the *Earl Grey*, government icebreaker in the St Lawrence River) had been draped gracefully across it by her Russian commander. We had scarcely a ton of coal left when we anchored alongside a Russian collier, the *Marie Rose*.

The *Nascopie* was bunkered up to the hilt, and then we were ordered to wait for the *Wrexham*, a strengthened British naval transport vessel which was to come up to Archangel with us. While waiting, there was not much to do except walk ashore over the harbour ice and try to shoot ptarmigan in the valleys. The Russian collier captain, Comrade Blumenfeld, and I sometimes got six or ten in a morning. Another attraction was the work on the *Canada*, whose bow was well up on Yukanski's only rock; her stern was under water. The captain invited Blumenfeld and me to come and see the *Canada* raised. It was quite a party. They pumped and they pumped, and they fitted another pump, and the water remained the same. Finally they stopped work and held an investigation. Eventually the captain appeared on deck wringing his hands. The divers had blocked up

J. H. A. Wilmot

At Cartwright, Labrador, 1917. Captain G. E. Mack is seated (right), with HBC District Manager W. E. Swaffield and Mrs Swaffield. Standing, left to right, are W. E. Ewing, S. J. Stewart, J. Ledingham, H. Parsons and Guy Bacon.

everything except two eighteen-inch ventilators which were under water aft! Still, we had had quite a pleasant time pumping Yukanski harbour through the *Canada* and back again into the harbour. The Russians were like that in many things that they did.

The *Wrexham* arrived and we left for Archangel with the big Russian icebreaker *Ilya Moremetz*. After a blizzard or two and plenty of hard butting, we got to the mouth of the Dwina and met the new Russian icebreaker *Kniaz Pjarsky*, not long out from England, where she had been built. Her captain was a Lett of about sixty years, and here was a man who knew how to handle an icebreaker — he also spoke good English. We worked up the river cutting, three abreast, the *Kniaz Pjarsky* in the centre. The middle ship would go ahead and when she came astern, the two side ships went ahead and cut, then coming astern while the middle ship went ahead again. Using this method we were not long in butting through the ice up to Econonie where we discharged cargo onto the ice, returning to Murmansk and loading again for Archangel.

Off Cape Orloff the first week in March was the largest patch of harp seals I have ever seen. We steamed through them for twelve miles, and the ice was black with seals as far eastward as we could see from the upper crow's nest. Dozens were crushed between the ship and the ice, and the Newfoundlanders were all for stopping and filling up the *Nascopie* with fat instead of the trimmings of life she had in her.

We arrived off the Archangel River and again the *Kniaz Pjarsky* worked up with us, butting through to

Econonie. We got there a few days after the big explosion when the *Iceland* blew up alongside the station wharf and the *Bayropea* blew up as well, with considerable loss of life. Another Bay Steamship Company steamer, the *Baymano*, was also badly damaged, although it was quite a distance away. The deck on top of the *Baymano*'s officers' quarters was burned out. Captain Dowling was trapped in his room for three days by a hatchbeam from the *Iceland* which came hurtling through the air, through the deck of his room, jamming the door. Until they could cut away the beam he was fed through the port. Hatchbeams and motor cars from the deck cargo of the *Bayropea* were found four and five miles from the scene of the explosion.

On our old friend the *Iceland* they had been discharging sulphuric acid when one of the slings carried away and a fire started. This was put out. The workmen had fled because they knew that 900 tons of dynamite were stowed under the sulphuric acid. The police drove the workmen back aboard, and work began again — until another sling went wrong and came tumbling down. The second fire got a good hold. The 900 tons of dynamite went off, and the *Iceland* vanished into space. The *Bayropea* then caught fire and blew up. A French ship also had a blaze but got clear by the superhuman efforts of her captain and crew. She was badly damaged; small arm ammunition dumps caught fire and kept exploding, and there was general wreckage everywhere. Optimists had told me that dynamite is not affected by fire, but here was plenty of evidence on the other side.

Part of the *Nascopie* cargo was discharged on the ice to be carted in sleighs to the railway station. The foreman stevedore used to call on me about seven o'clock every morning, and one day when this Lett arrived he said: 'Ha! Nicholas is finished.' I thought he meant an old blacksmith who had been doing repair work on our deck, and said I was sorry. It turned out, however, to be not Nicholas Nicholaivitch, the blacksmith, but the Czar of all the Russias. The foreman said Russia was now free, just like England and America.

The chief engineer and I went ashore later to see what had happened. Russia had been changed over night. The bumptious gendarmes were gone. The crowd at Archangel had stormed and burned the police headquarters; the body of the chief of police lay in the street for days. The government stores were raided and found to contain a good deal more food than had been generally supposed. The aristocratic officer class seemed to have disappeared from the earth. In place of Admiral Palivanoff was a new, large, bearded person who had been voted to the position of 'Commander-in-Chief of all Forces and Admiral of the Arctic'. A democrat to the finger tips, he smoked and joked with everyone at first, but in time he wanted soldiers and sailors to salute him and so he lost his job, though I never discovered whether his end was as violent as the previous admiral's.

Terror reigned for a few days because the unruly element of Archangel discovered the grain alcohol stored for shipment to France for the manufacture of high explosives. However things settled down under the new regime, and until we left the White Sea we made regular trips to Alexandrovsk and Murmansk.

On 14 June 1917, the *Nascopie* left Archangel for St John's, Newfoundland, and Montreal, by way of Lerwick, Shetland. On our first day out, a torpedo passed about fifty yards under our stern. We were near Kildin Island, and fled northward without seeing the submarine. The next afternoon when we were steaming among loose ice, the second officer came to my room to say he could see a submarine on the surface working among the ice. I arrived on the bridge about the same second that a shot from the submarine hit the water about two hundred yards short of us. All hands were signalled to their stations, and the *Nascopie* was turned stern on to the submarine. Collins, senior gunner, went aloft for the approximate range. Our first shot was short, and its greatest effect was to thoroughly frighten my dog Spider who came along the deck, legs out straight and ears back. The submarine's second effort was closer, and the water shot up fifty yards off in the port quarter. There was a fairly solid strip of ice between us and the submarine, but around us was loose ice in which we could manoeuvre. We exchanged a few more shots. The German was working towards us, but when dodging a floe he exposed his broadside.

Collins took what seemed an agonizingly long time to fire, but when he did the Lord was with him. It was a shot in a million and landed fair and square on the submarine's gun mounting. The *Nascopie* stopped. Four more shots from Collins, and there was a big explosion. Black smoke and flame rose high in the air, and there was no more submarine. Collins deserves all the credit for it.

We got on our way and travelled as fast as possible. Next day while working through the ice we killed a polar bear. After calling at Lerwick, the *Nascopie* went out with a convoy through the Pentland Firth. We left the convoy at Cape Wrath and went straight to St John's, and then to Montreal. Some small repairs were necessary because of ice damage, but we were able to load cargo and proceed from Montreal on the usual Bay voyage. The only variety was that we had to land the goods for York Factory at Port Nelson, which was then being constructed. The master of a government tug piloted us from the outer buoy, and it was a ticklish trip because of low water and a tide like a mill race. Back at Montreal, I was relieved by Captain Smellie, who took the ship home to England. □

INNUSIVUT

OUR WAY OF LIVING

Photographs by Father Guy Mary-Rousselière

Eskimo songs provide the text for this series of photographs of Eastern Arctic Inuit. Father Guy Mary-Rousselière has devoted many years of his life to the mission at Pond Inlet, north Baffin Island, and to his study of the Inuit past.

I will walk with leg muscles

which are strong

as the sinews of the shins of the little caribou calf.

I will walk with leg muscles

which are strong

as the sinews of the shins of the little hare.

I will take care not to go towards the dark.

I will go towards the day.

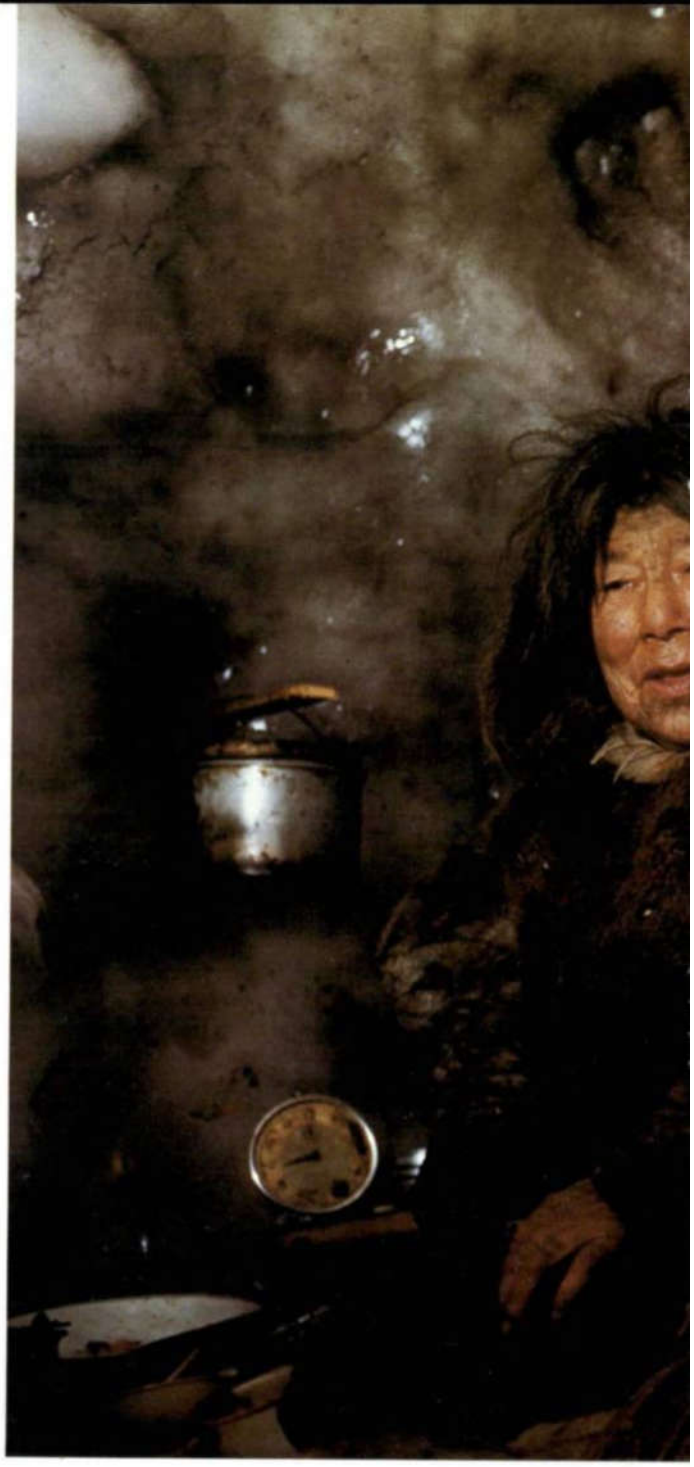
Now I am filled with joy

For every time a dawn

Makes white the sky of night,

For every time the sun goes up

Over the heavens.



When I was young,

every day was as a beginning

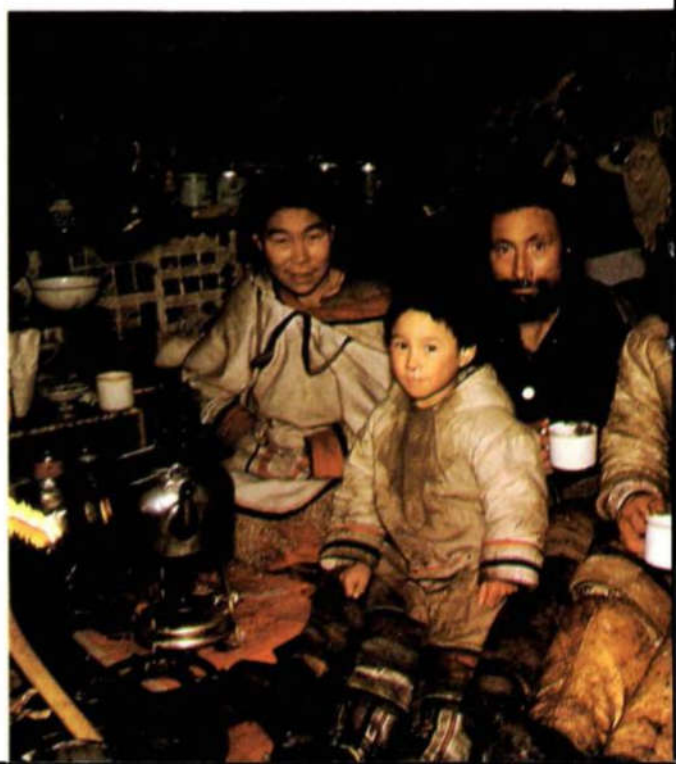
of some new thing,

and every evening ended

with the glow of the next day's dawn.

When I chance to think of my childhood
and recall all the old memories from those days,
then youth seems a time
when all meat was juicy and tender,
and no game too swift for the hunter.
Now, I have only the old stories
and songs to fall back upon.

The lands around my dwelling
Are more beautiful
From the day
When it is given me to see
Faces I have never seen before.
All is more beautiful,
All is more beautiful,
And life is Thankfulness.
These guests of mine
Make my house grand.



There is joy in

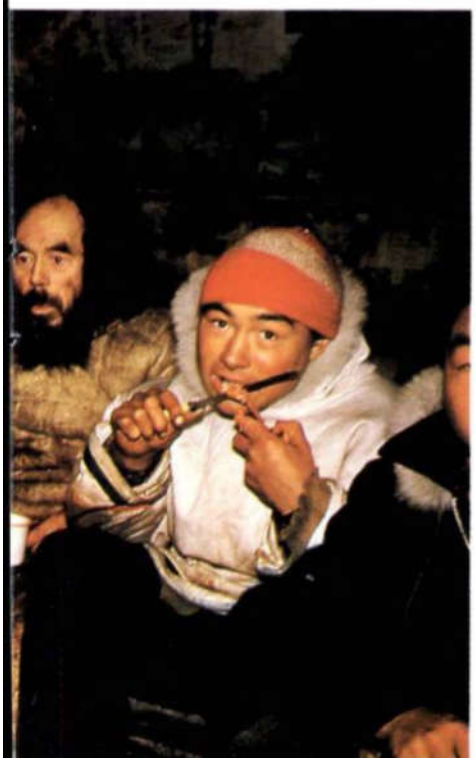
Feeling the warmth

Come to the great world

And seeing the sun

Follow its old footprints

In the summer night.



THE FLOOD

During her long service as ophthalmologist with Indian Health Services, Dr Elizabeth Cass, now deceased, collected Indian stories and legends. Versions of the legends, differing from tribe to tribe, form an interesting and often informative study. This Plains Indian story of the flood was told to Dr Cass by the Stoney or Assiniboine people. Indians of the Northwest told stories of the flood before they had been in contact with white men; there are similar stories among the Eskimos, the Loucheux and the Hurons.

LONG, LONG AGO all the north of this country was under ice, but when the ice melted there were great floods and the waters all swept down to the lands which were already inhabited by the Indians. Everybody was in danger and all and sundry were getting drowned when Iktoomi (a mythical hero) took pity on them and decided that he must save some people. He therefore saved one man and one woman, and one male and one female of each kind of animal. He built a large raft and he put them all on it and they all floated about on the flood waters.

After seven days, however, Iktoomi went to the beaver and he told the beaver that he must try and dive right to the bottom, under the flood waters, and see if he could bring him up a bit of dirt. The poor beaver dived and dived but he never could reach the bottom, and he never could find a piece of dirt. So Iktoomi told him to rest, and the next day Iktoomi took hold of the muskrat and he said to him: 'You try and see if you can bring me up a bit of mud.' Well the little muskrat dived very deep and he didn't come up. They all got very worried and they waited and waited; presently about five hours later the dead body of the muskrat floated to the surface of the water near the raft. Iktoomi took it on the raft and found in the muskrat's paw there was a little mound of mud. Iktoomi revived the rat and brought him back to life, and he took this little bit of mud and he moulded it with his fingers and as he moulded it the mud grew and grew. Finally he put it over the side of the raft and it went on growing into solid land so that soon he could land from the raft with all the animals. And the land still went on growing and growing from where he had moulded it.

When all the animals were ashore and the land was still growing, he waited till it was out of sight and then he got hold of the wolf and he told the wolf to run round the earth and only to come back and tell him when the earth was big enough to hold a large population.

Meanwhile he assembled all the animals in a circle and he sang them spirit songs and he made them dance the first Sun Dance.

Now the wolf took seven years on his voyage but he couldn't quite complete his tour of the world. He crept back home exhausted at Iktoomi's feet. Iktoomi then told the little raven to go out and see if he could complete the bit of the world that the wolf had not seen. Now the raven in those days was quite white, and he flew off to do Iktoomi's bidding. But instead of flying as he was told to do, he got hungry and seeing a corpse floating by he flew down and began to pick at it. Then he flew home again, and when Iktoomi saw him he knew that he had been eating a dead body, for his beak was full of blood. So he seized hold of him and said to him: 'Since you have such a dirty nature, you shall have a dirty colour.' The raven was turned from white to black and that colour he remains to this day.

Now during this time, when they were dancing the Sun Dance, all the animals and man were friendly and Iktoomi could speak to all of them in their languages and they all could converse with each other. When the raven came back and was turned black, Iktoomi told them all to go into the world and prosper and multiply, and left them.

The Stoney Indian told me there was this religious significance in the Sun Dance, and why it is done to this day. He said it was done in remembrance of Iktoomi and the flood. He told me that it was a dance of penitence, and that the rites were a penance. But he could not explain why, in the original Sun Dance as danced in the south, men were strung up with thongs skewered through their breasts and had to dance till the thongs broke loose. Nor why they dragged around buffalo skulls tied to pieces of wood that went through the skin of their shoulders. All he knew was that in this story was the origin of the Sun Dance. □

The great Cree artist Carl Ray believed that this painting portraying the legend of the flood was his best work. Mr Ray died in September 1978. From a private collection.

Heavily tattooed Saga Yean Qua Prab Ton, King of the Maquas, known as Brant, grandfather of the renowned Mohawk leader Joseph Brant. The bear beside him denotes his clan.

FOUR KINGS
Came to Dinner With Their Honours

BY MALVINA BOLUS

AT A COMMITTEE MEETING of the Hudson's Bay Company in London on 3 May 1710 the Secretary was ordered to pay 'To Puntack his Bill for a Dinner & Wine to Entertaine the 4 Indian Kings £7:12:—'.

It is not known how many people attended the dinner at the house in Fenchurch Street. The amount may not seem very large, but it would go a long way in the reign of Queen Anne when an evening at an entertainment club with drinking might cost one shilling, meat was two to three pence a pound, enough gin to get drunk on was one penny, and wages of workmen might be between six and eight shillings a week.

It is known who the guests of honour were: Four Kings they were called by the English. To the dignitaries (Colonels Peter Schuyler and Francis Nicholson, with Captain Abraham Schuyler as interpreter) who escorted the Iroquois from the Mohawk Valley, they were more likely Sachems or Chiefs of the Five Nations Confederacy. The clumsy names by which they were known on their visit, with many variations in spelling, were Te Ye Neen Ho Ga Prow of the Wolf clan or totem (christianized to the simpler form of Hendrick), the most important chief, designated 'Emperor of the Six Nations'; Saga Yean Qua Prab Ton of the Bear clan (Brant), 'King of the Maquas'; Oh Nee Yeath Ton No Prow of the Wolf clan (John), 'King of the Ganajoh-Hore'; and Elow Ob Kaom or E Tow Oh Koam of the Tortoise clan (Nicholas), 'King of the River Nation'. Their hosts may well have been the whole Board of the Hudson's Bay Company who numbered nine including the Governor, Sir Stephen Evance, who was the banker of the Company, and Deputy Governor John Nicholson, a fur merchant. In extending the invitation it had been agreed on 26 April 'that the whole Committe waite on Govr. Nicholson To Morrow Morning, In order to goe with him to the foure Indian Princes & know of them when they will be at Leisure to be entertained at Dinner by the Company'. The Kings had little leisure and the day they chose is uncertain; their schedule during the visit to England was comparable to a modern Royal Tour.

Malvina Bolus is a former editor of 'The Beaver'.

When this article was published in 1973, the portraits of the Four Kings by Verelst were hanging at Writtle Park, home of the Honourable John Petre, near Chelmsford, Essex, and were reproduced with his kind permission. The portraits have now been acquired by the Public Archives of Canada.

Quotations from the HBC Archives are made by permission of the Hudson's Bay Company.

They had arrived at Portsmouth the second week in April aboard the naval ship *Reserve*, then travelled by coach to London. There they were given apartments in the 'Two Crowns and Cushions' near Covent Garden, the fine house of Thomas Arne, an upholsterer, where gentlemen lodged. Then they were taken to a tailor to be outfitted in manner seemly for a royal presentation. As there was court mourning for the Queen's consort, Prince George, the garments worn over their white shifts were black waistcoat, breeches, and stockings, but each had a scarlet cloak. A ballad of the time describes:

Four Monarchs of Worth,
From their Kingdoms set forth,
Without Hose or Shoes to their Feet.

The Sachems were impressive figures, referred to in a contemporary publication as 'Men of good Presence, and those who have convers'd with them, say, That they have an exquisite Sense, and a quick Apprehension'. They were described as 'well form'd . . . all within an Inch or two of six Foot; their Habits are robust, and their Limbs muscular and well shap'd; they are of brown Complexions, their Hair black and long, their Visages are very awful and majestick, and their Features regular enough, though something of the austere and sullen'. The pamphleteer continued his impressions: 'They are generally affable to all that come to see them, and will not refuse a Glass of Brandy or strong Liquors from any hands that offer it. They never sit on Chairs or Benches, but on their Heels, which makes their Knees, when they stand upright, bag out before. They feed heartily, and love our *English* Beef before all other Victuals that are provided for 'em; of which they have Variety at the Charge of the Publick, with the best of Wines; but they seem to relish our fine pale Ales before the best *French* Wines'. He comments that they do not suffer from their current voluptuous living as their hosts sometimes do 'and notwithstanding their Intemperance here, they are not feverish upon any occasion, or troubl'd with Loss of Appetite'.

Now appropriately housed and clothed, it was time for the Sachems to fulfil the purpose of their visit. Since the beginning of the century the English and French had been at war over the Spanish Succession — Queen Anne's War it was called in America. Around Hudson Bay there had long been forays; in the strife between the French in Canada or New France and the English in the American colonies the aid of the Indians had been enlisted. Support for England came from the Indians of the Mohawk Valley. The Mohawk River flowed eastward into the Hudson, south of Lake Champlain and north of Albany, New York, which was the direct water-level route from the St Lawrence to New England. The Iroquois of the Five Nations Confederacy dominated the stretch of country between the St Lawrence, the Great Lakes, and New York and were therefore in a commanding position. The colonists needed more help from England and the visit was intended to bolster Iroquois friendship and to encourage support of the British government for the efforts being made in North America.

The Verelst portrait of Oh Nee Yeath Ton No Prow, christianized to John, King of the Ganajoh-Hore, with the wolf of his clan. Each 'King' holds a different weapon.

On Wednesday 19 April, two of the Queen's coaches bore through the streets of London to St James's Palace four Indian 'Kings'. Accompanying them were the Queen's Master of Ceremonies; Colonels Peter Schuyler and Francis Nicholson; Abraham Schuyler, brother of the Colonel; and Major David Pigeon, also from America. Colonel Schuyler had been the first mayor of Albany, New York, and was on excellent terms with the Indians, having served a long time on the board of Indian commissioners; Colonel Nicholson, later governor of Nova Scotia, was commander of the land forces in upper New York. At the audience the Kings were

Elow Ob Kaom, King of the River Nation, known as Nicholas, painted by Verelst with the tortoise of his clan.

ceremonially introduced to Her Majesty by the Lord Chamberlain. Gifts of wampum were presented and a speech made to Queen Anne through the interpreter Captain Schuyler, which was read to the Queen in English by Major Pigeon.

'Great Queen,' they began 'We have undertaken a long and tedious Voyage, which none of our Predecessors could ever be prevail'd upon to undertake. The Motive that induc'd us, was, that we might see our *Great Queen*, and relate to her those Things we thought absolutely necessary for the Good of her, and us her Allies, on the other side of the great Water. We doubt not but our *Great Queen* has been acquainted with our long and tedious War, in Conjunction with her Children . . . against her Enemies the *French*; and that we have been as a strong wall for their Security, even to the Loss of our best Men . . . . And in Token of our Friendship, we hung up the *Kettle*, and took up the *Hatchet*.' They were disappointed that no ships had come from England to attack Quebec nor support for their proposed overland expedition to Montreal with Schuyler and Nicholson. The 'Reduction of Canada' and subsequent free hunting and trade was of such importance that if help were not forthcoming they would have to leave their country or 'stand neuter; either of which will be much against our Inclinations'. Their alliance had brought them some knowledge of Christianity and if the Queen would 'send over some Persons to instruct us, they shall find a most hearty Welcome'.

The Queen instructed that gifts be made to the Indians and that they be entertained at her charge. The request for missionaries she passed on to the Archbishop of Canterbury who was president of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

Following the audience, the time of the Sachems was fully taken up with sight-seeing and lavish entertainment. One would like to know what impressions they received. Much of London had been rebuilt since the Great Fire, but the streets were narrow, lined with closely packed tall houses, and crowded with people and carriages and sedan chairs. 'We often saw young lusty raw-boned Fellows carried up and down the Streets in little covered Rooms by a Couple of Porters' was the way Addison purported to interpret their views about the idleness of the men.

The Kings became such popular favourites that mobs followed them about and they were the subject of ballads and broadsheets.

A lengthy pamphlet about the customs and country of these visitors provided the populace with some rather curious misinformation as well as much that was reliable. As to their country: it was discovered by the Spaniards 'but having found nothing considerable in it, they abandon'd the Country, and call'd it *il Capo di Nada*, that is, a Cape of nothing. Hence, by Corruption, sprung the Word *Canada*.' Part of this vast country was now called *New France* but the part described is 'the two *Maqua's*, and the Kingdoms of the River *Sachem* and *Ganajohhore*, seated between the Lake of *Hurons* on one side, *Virginia, Carolina, New England*, and *New France* on the others. The River *Canada* . . . or *St. Lawrence* runs quite through the Country'. This river was 'extraordinary full of Fish' a remarkable species 'having Heads resembling the Heads of Hares, and Bodies as white as Snow.' Following a fairly accurate description of the country's hills and trees and streams, vines and corn, animals, and long snowy winters, another peculiar fish appears: 'on a branch of the River Canada, is the Lake *de Chaplain*, grown round about with Chesnut-Trees, in which breeds the strange Fish call'd *Chaosarou*, generally ten Foot long, with Heads like Sharks, and two Rows of Teeth in their Mouths, their Skins full of strong Scales, which are sufficient Shields against Swords and Lances. They are great Devourers of other Fish and Fowl, which they take after this Manner, *viz*. They swim amongst Reeds of Canes, and lie still with their mouths open, which the Birds sitting upon are immediately swallow'd.'

Authentic descriptions of wigwams were inter-

spersed with legends of creation and the flood; the practices of medicine men. A good characteristic of the people was their tolerance, even though it hindered the spread of Christianity; on the other hand, they were 'natural Gluttons, and know no other Happiness in this Life, but the Pleasure of Eating and Drinking', even to the feasts called *Eat-up-all,* using platters of wood or birch-bark which they never wash. Marriage customs were fairly accurate, but warriors under 30 years old who took women were 'despis'd as effeminate Persons' because this weakened them. Knowledge of herbal remedies was acknowledged, as well as use of bear's grease as an ointment, and use of the sweat bath. But, they are so hardy that the children, in the depth of winter 'run stark Naked thro' the Snow, and tumble about in it as Hogs wallow in the Dirt in Summer Time: when the Air is fill'd with Biting-Flies, they don't feel their Stinging.' Women were even more robust than the men, serving for porters, carrying packs that two or three European men could hardly lift. There were details of dress, and war-paint of red or black on the men's faces was 'that their Enemies may not perceive they turn pale with Fear'. There were reports of gambling games, methods of warfare, and peace by the calumet.

To carry out a death sentence, the executioner was made drunk with brandy, to explain that the killing was done while he was 'Mad and Drunk' so that the kin of the criminal would not seek to avenge the death. Methods of hunting were well described: trapping of beavers in nets and deadfalls, and shooting of bears. With wild-cats (lynx) and porcupines they 'fell the Tree they are upon'; dogs kill the former, men with hatchet or fork, the latter. There were detailed descriptions of fishing by torchlight for eels, with reference to the *St Lawrence* or *Canada* River receiving fresh water from the four great lakes: 'This great Deluge of Water tumbling furiously over the greatest and most dreadful Heap in the World'.

The pamphlet concludes by pointing out the advantages of colonizing this country rich in fish, furs, timber, and minerals, which could be done with alliances 'such as are now offer'd to this Kingdom by the Savage Kings of that Country'.

Among the sights shown to the Sachems were London's many shops, the finest in Europe with their large glass windows displaying a variety of goods, where the fashionable browsed at length; the only bridge across the Thames, London Bridge, with its double row of houses and places of trade, and decorative old Elizabethan Nonsuch House; Leadenhall Market with vendors of meat, poultry and fish; the Tower with the Royal Arsenal; the Exchange and Guildhall. They were invited to cock-fights, wrestling matches, bear-fights, and a number of theatrical performances including opera and Punch and Judy.

Public Archives of Canada

Elow Oh Kaom in the mezzotint by John Simon after the Verelst portrait.

Their presence was advertised as a lure to the public though they could not have attended all these shows. One theatre they definitely visited was in the Haymarket, on 24 April, when a performance of *Macbeth*, with flying witches, must have given them some cause for wonder. The interest of the mob, however, was in seeing 'the swarthy monarchs' and they held up the play until the three Kings (one was ill and could not come) were brought up to the stage. Seated on chairs (for with native courtesy they would undoubtedly conform to local custom wherever they went) behind the candle foot-lights they sat through the play and were addressed in a special epilogue which ran in part:

> So now Great *Anna's* most Auspicious Reign,
> Not only makes one Soveraign cross the Main;
> . . . But wing'd by Her Example urges Four,
> To seek Protection on *Britannia's* Shore.
> . . . O, Princes, who have with amazement seen
> So good, so gracious and so great a Queen;
> Who from her royal mouth have heard your doom
> Secured against the threat of France and Rome;
> Awhile some moments on our scenes bestow...

During the previous week the Sachems had dined at the Duke of Ormonde's country seat near Rich-

mond; had spent a day going by royal barge to Greenwich to visit the house of the Astronomer Royal, Greenwich Hospital, and Woolwich docks, following which they were 'nobly treated by some of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty' in one of the Queen's yachts; had visited the banqueting hall and chapel, all that remained of the Palace of Whitehall.

At some time they visited St Paul's which was not far from their lodging, inspecting the dome above and below. The cathedral was only finished that year and they may even have met its architect, Sir Christopher Wren, then 78, in his great church. In *The Spectator* a year later Addison published a paper purporting to have been written by Saga Yean Qua Prab Ton and left behind at the Two Crowns and Cushions, then translated, in which the following comments are made: 'On the most rising Part of the Town there stands a huge House, big enough to contain the whole Nation of which I am King. . . . they give it the Name of a Temple, and have a Tradition that it was designed for Men to pay their Devotions in. . . . But upon my going into one of these holy Houses on that Day [the seventh day], I could not observe any Circumstance of Devotion in their Behaviour: There was indeed a Man in Black who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of Vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying Worship to the Deity of the Place, they were most of them bowing and curtisying to one another, and a considerable Number of them fast asleep.'

The week following their stage appearance with *Macbeth* was filled with engagements, of which some of the dates are known. On 25 April they called on the Duke of Ormonde and later appeared before the Commissioners for Trade and Plantations, who promised them assistance. The next day they reviewed the Life Guards in Hyde Park. The following evening they supped at the Sun Tavern. Undoubtedly they visited other taverns and coffee houses for these were the meeting places for pleasure and gossip, and for the conduct of business. Important among them was Thomas Garraway's — the first to introduce tea to its patrons — which was frequented by people of quality and where merchants gathered and auctions were held. On 28 April Colonel Nicholson introduced the Sachems to the Board of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, of which he was a member. The Bishop of Norwich informed them of the resolutions taken by the Society: among them, sending two missionaries, constructing a chapel and a fort for their defence, promotion of the study of English by Indian children and the Indian language by English youth, restriction of intoxicating liquors (which the Sachems had requested). The Sachems expressed their pleasure and undertook to take care of the missionaries. The same day they were 'treated very splendidly' by the New England and New York merchants, and some time during that busy day they went to see the workhouse in Bishopsgate, and Bethlehem Hospital (usually called Bedlam, where lunatics were kept and exhibited to the public like animals in a zoo).

On the 29th the Sachems were invited to attend a cock-fight and that day they were entertained to dinner by William Penn at The Devil. This was a tavern patronized by literary men, including Dr Johnson. The next day, Sunday, they attended the service at St James's Chapel. The sermon was preached by the Bishop of London who afterwards provided the visitors with a splendid dinner. They then went to see the palatial house of the Duke of Montague. Their 'last Appearance in Publick' was advertised for a Consort of music on the 1st. On 2 May they were painted in miniature on ivory by Bernard Lens 'from the life'. Next day they went by barge to Sion House and thence to see the palaces at Hampton Court and Windsor, and on the 4th they finally left London by coach for Portsmouth.

At some time in these crowded days they sat to John Verelst for portraits that were commissioned by the Queen, which were hung in Kensington Palace where Queen Anne lived much of the time; they were invited to supper by the Blue Coat Boys of Christ's Hospital, boys who had furnished a number of recruits for the Hudson's Bay Company; and they had accepted the invitation of the latter Company to dinner.

Among fashionable people, dinner began between 3 o'clock and 5 o'clock, at tables set with white linen cloths, sparkling plates, and cutlery changed with each course, to the amazement of foreigners. The meal would have several courses. A good supper at a coaching inn some years later, which cost sixpence, consisted of veal cutlets, pigeons, asparagus, lamb and salad, apple pie and tarts. At formal dinners there would be other delicacies such as oysters, partridges, roast swan, and cheeses. The dress of the men would be as elaborate as the dinner: coats of brocades and satins with silver or gold trimmings, ruffled shirts, velvet breeches, silk stockings, and fancy wigs, for wigs were always worn by men of fashion.

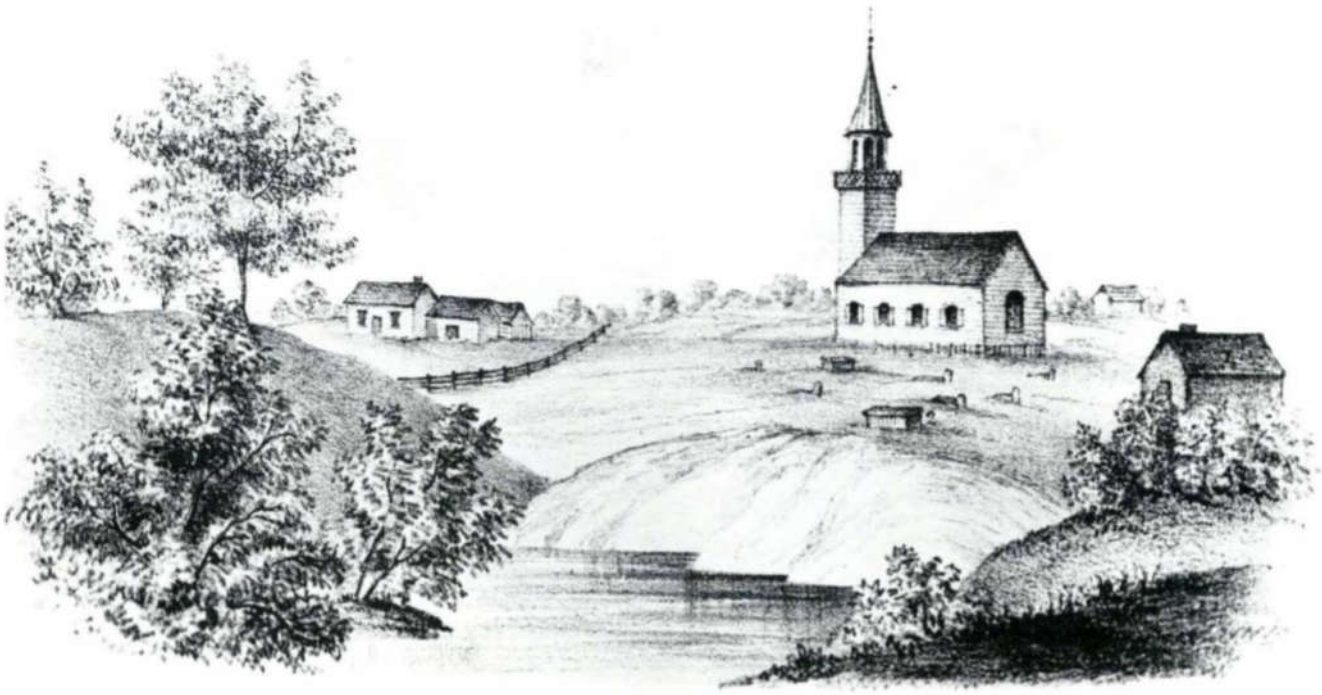
What Puntack served at the H B C dinner is not known but the Sachems were honoured guests and the fare would be lavish.

Though not directly concerned with the territory and objectives of the Sachems, the Hudson's Bay Company as adventurers in North America and opponents of French encroachment, were interested. The recent arrival of the Sachems was reported on 12 April by Governor Sir Stephen Evance to the

New York Public Library

Tee Yee Neen Ho Ga Row.
Emperour of the six Nations.
Sa Ga Yean Qua Rah Tow.
King of the Maquas.
Oh Ne Yeath Tow No Row.
King of Canajoharie
& Tow Oh Kaom.
King of the River Nation.
The Four Indian Kings.
B. Lens exc.

Bernard Lens Senior reproduced on one sheet, mezzotints of the miniatures on ivory of the Four Kings 'drawn from the Life' by his son.



Sketch entitled 'Mohawk Church — Brantford' from the book 'History of the Ojebway Indians' by the Reverend Peter Jones, published in 1861.

Committee which entered in the minutes that they had 'Come over to Solicitt Assistance from the Government & that he had Assured them that this Company Should be ready at all times to give them the utmost assistance, they are Capable of Which this Committee doe approve and Conferme'. There was a further link in that the Queen herself was one of the proprietors of the Company having inherited with the Crown from William III the stock of her father, James II, who had once been Governor of the Company. However, like other shareholders she received no dividends, for none were paid during her reign.

In return for their hospitality, the Sachems brought the Committee important news. At that time Albany on James Bay was the only post held by the Hudson's Bay Company, the others being in French hands. Despatches were normally received yearly by the Company ship carrying outfits to the Bay and returning with furs. With the hazards of wartime Atlantic crossings and use of shipping for profit in home waters, no ship was sent to the Bay in 1709, so the Company for well over a year had no information as to local affairs from their Governor at the Bottom of the Bay, John Fullartine, and did not even know if they still held Albany. The first definite news they had came from their Mohawk guests. From them they learnt that there had been a French attack on Albany the previous year. Anxious for details, the Committee wrote to Fullartine in May telling him what they had heard.

> . . .these Kings were Invited to our House by the Governor & Committee to take A Colation with Us, & came Accordingly. By whome wee were Informed, that the French from Canada had made an attempt Upon our ffort Under your Government, & that by Gods Assistance and your courage & good conduct were Repulsed & beaten back with the Loss of 16 men Killed besides there Two Commanders & severall wounded, & that they were in Number 100 men & upwards whereof 30 were Indians, which wee beleive to be A True Information for one of them as wee understand was in Canada when the Remaindr of them Returned to Quebeck, wee have in ye first place cause to give God Thankes for this Deliverance & next to you as Cheife & to every one that behaved them selves courageously in this Action & desier to know the Perticulars from you, when & how it happend with the circumstances, & also to Know If any one in perticular behaved himselfe bravely in the action more then ordinary.

(The attack had been an overland expedition intended to surprise the post in June 1709 but, warned by an Indian, Fullartine and his men successfully repulsed the French and lost only two men who were outside the fort.)

Since the vessel sent out in 1710 did not return that season, the Committee had to wait another year before they received the 'perticulars'. However they sent twenty gallons of port to Fullartine and another twenty for the officers and others at the Factory for their successful defence '& to drinke ye Compies Prosperity'. The Indian who warned the post had been given a coat, and Fullartine was subsequently awarded a bonus of £100.

On 4 May the Sachems took the coach for Portsmouth whence they visited the Admiral's flagship and were entertained by the Commander of the Fleet. On the 8th they sailed in the man-of-war *Dragon*, put in at Plymouth, and finally left English shores in convoy about the 20th. They reached Boston on 15 July. They had not returned empty-handed, apart from the assurance of future assistance. With them aboard ship went a vast number of gifts from the Crown which had so generously entertained them. Among the items were quantities of such things as brass kettles, lead bars, looking-glasses (three dozen), six kinds of knives, large and small scissors (two dozen of each), necklaces, razors, horn and ivory combs, a gross of jew's-harps, 400 pounds of gunpowder, vermilion, a 'Magick Lanthorn with Pictures', linen shirts, yards of cottons, woollens, linens, duffels, silver braid, and many other things.

The Sachems had expressed their gratitude to Queen Anne and from Boston they sent letters to her and to the Archbishop, signed with their totem marks, thanking them for their kindness and their promise to provide missionaries and a chapel.

Tangible evidence remains of the visit of these ambassadors: the portraits in oils for which Queen Anne paid John Verelst £107.10s.0. Seen in the Queen's Kensington Palace in 1710, these portraits are now at a country estate in Essex and are reproduced here by kind permission of the Hon. John Petre. Various prints of the Kings appeared, but Verelst claimed the sole right for full-length portraits. Eventually he allowed drafts of his paintings to be made by the Huguenot engraver John Simon. Advertised in the *Tatler* at the end of 1710, these engravings proved very popular. Mezzotints of the miniatures by Bernard Lens were grouped on one sheet by the artist's father for reproduction.

On the other side of the Atlantic, not long after their return, Governor Robert Hunter called a conference at Albany, New York, with leaders of the Five Nations and the Sachems recently returned from Great Britain. Among other matters, medals were presented from the Queen, and approval was sought for the application of the four for missionaries, a fort, and a chapel. In 1711 the construction of Fort Hunter, on the Mohawk River, was accordingly begun and, within the palisades a chapel, 24 feet square, was built of limestone. A manse was also built. Gifts for Queen Anne's Chapel were sent from England by the Archbishop and the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The Queen sent as furniture for the chapel a communion table and altar cloths, carpet, tasselled cushion for the pulpit, surplice, prayer books, bible, and a very fine set of communion plate. This silver — flagons, chalices, patens, alms basin — was made by Francis Garthorne and bore the date-letter for 1711-12, when plate was

Royal Ontario Museum

A silver flagon, one of the pieces of communion silver presented by Queen Anne 'to Her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks' following the visit to her court of the Four Kings. This piece and others are in the possession of the Six Nations at Brantford.

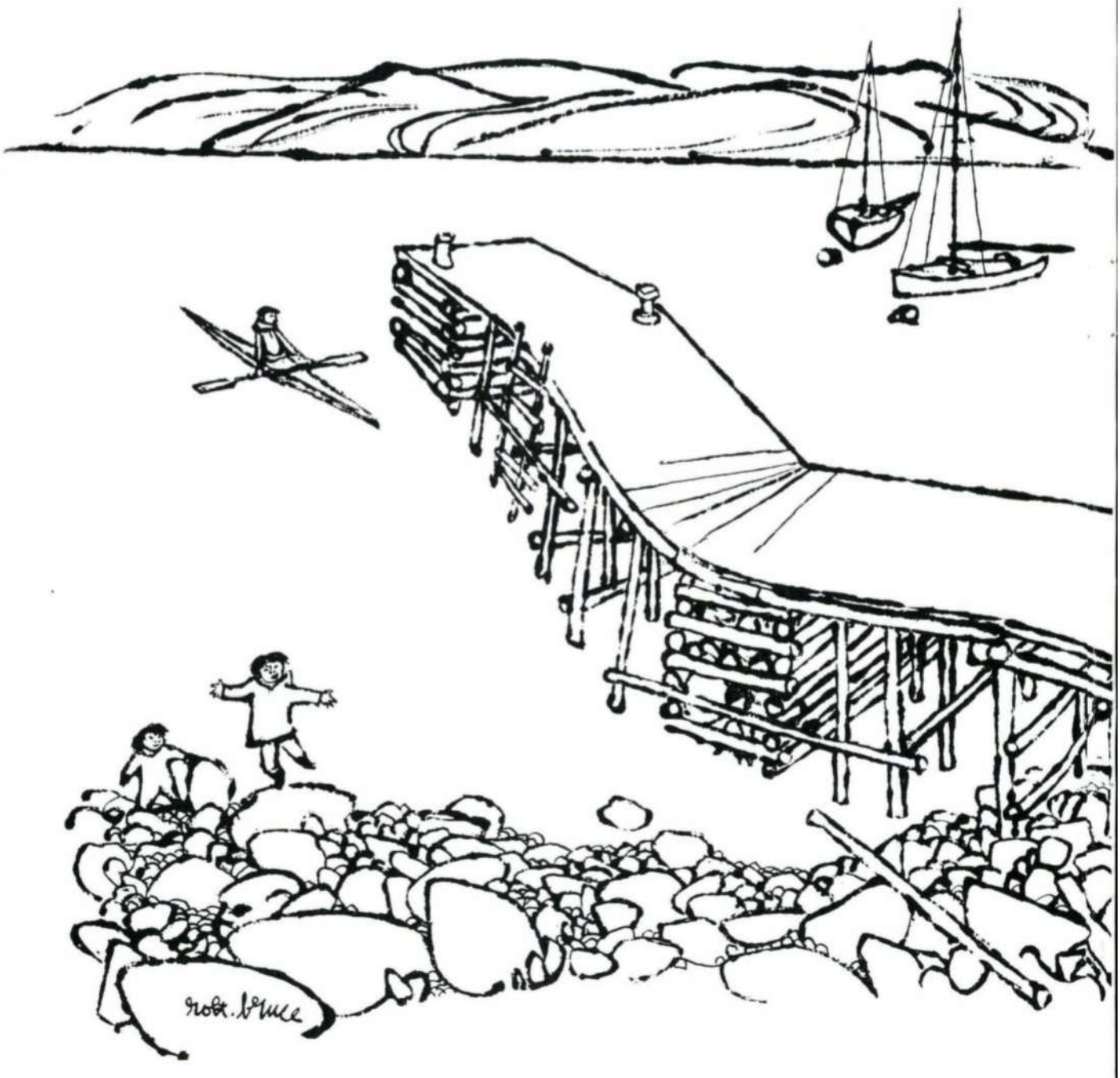
of a higher purity than sterling. Each piece of silver was inscribed: 'The Gift of Her Majesty, Ann [sic], by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and of Her Plantations in North America, Queen, to Her Indian Chappel of the Mohawks'. During the Revolution the silver was buried for safety. When the war ended the members of the Six Nations who remained loyal to the British Crown had to leave their former lands. They migrated to a block of land, secured by Joseph Brant in return for their losses, on the Grand River (near Brantford, Ontario) where they built afresh, in 1785, Her Majesty's Chapel of the Mohawks — the first Protestant church in Ontario. One group of the Six Nations went on to the Bay of Quinte where they settled at Deseronto. The silver was secretly dug up and brought to Canada where it was divided between the two bands. The Mohawk silver is a proud reminder of the visit of the Four Kings to the Court of Queen Anne. □

WHEN I was a young man in the fur trade at Fort Chimo we had a hunter called Serqualouk. He was an Ungava Eskimo and a bit of a civil engineer in his spare time.

We had a wooden wharf which was erected in the summer for the annual steamer and taken to bits in the fall before it got knocked down by the river ice. It consisted of spruce logs partially embedded in the mud and partially supported by piles of rocks, tied crosswise with more, but slimmer logs, spiked into place with large nails. The platform was of planks and the whole edifice fancily finished off with a couple of wooden bollards for mooring purposes. In all, about sixty feet by eight.

Over a period of years the crowd engaged on this job had become just about expert at it, and over the same period Serqualouk had gradually assumed the airs and status of 'Engineer-in Charge'. He had done it so often that he could probably have directed affairs with his eyes shut, so naturally enough, one year he suddenly got bored.

When he started laying out the lines of foundations that year he put a bend in them. It wasn't much of a bend, but still — a bend.



The others said nothing until the wharf was finished; then they all congregated at the shore end and gazed at their handiwork.

Vallie, the mixed-blood, who was always full of talk, said 'There is a bend.' 'Indeed' agreed the rest. 'How did that happen?' murmured Vallie to no one in particular. 'Ah!' replied the chorus, wisely.

At this point, Serqualouk, anxious to show his knowledge, brought forward his irrefutable argument in support of his action. 'It is very suitable. In White Man's Land that is how wharves are built.'

The silence which greeted this remark could have been cut in slices and handed round. Everyone knew that Serqualouk had never been nearer to civilization than Port Harrison and then only because his boat had been driven there by a gale.

Something of this attitude probably penetrated, because he went on: 'I have a picture of one in a book.'

Now it was possible, but highly improbable, that he had a book of any kind. The number of books written in syllabics, the only written word the Eskimo had, was limited, to say the least. On the other hand, he might just possibly own some sort of printed word, loosely described as a book, containing pictures of various objects, but why a wharf?

We all received the information in silence, as was natural. After all, we all lived on the one post, and who wanted to start a row anyway?

Later I said to old Adami, my trapping partner and

THE BENT WHARF

By Philip de Carteret

Mr de Carteret served with Revillon Frères Trading Company Limited in the Arctic before 1933. An ancestor, Sir George Carteret, took Radisson and Groseilliers to see King Charles II — an audience which resulted in the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company.

the local river pilot, 'Have you ever seen a bent wharf before?' 'No' he returned, 'not anywhere at all.' He, after all, was a much travelled man and had even been across Hudson Bay to Baker Lake and Chesterfield Inlet in a schooner. I thought hard myself and couldn't remember having ever seen a wharf, except huge affairs lining the shores of great ports but not sticking out into the seas or rivers. I thought of Southend Pier and Brighton Pier, and then gave it up.

We let it ride for a few weeks until after ship-time because we were very busy baling up the year's fur and struggling with the annual report, while the Eskimos got down to it, removing all the ancient seal bones and things which the melted snow had disclosed lying around the place. We got the house painted, and cut the grass and eventually arranged a relay system of small boys to mount our highest hill to keep an eye open for the ship coming up river.

Eventually she turned up and all our crowd were engaged in unloading her freight scows at the bent wharf. She stayed two days, and Bill Black, my partner, and I went out to her in the motor boat with the fur on the last scow. We had a drink and chat with the mate, who said as we were leaving, 'Bye the bye, what in hell happened to your wharf? First one I've seen like that!' I turned and looked at him very coldly. 'It is very suitable' I said. 'It is built in accordance with the latest pattern from Outside', meaning civilization. His jaw dropped, and we went down the ladder into our waiting boat.

An hour later the ship left, and we were able once more to get back to the comfort of work shirts and blue jeans.

Serqualouk came in a few days afterwards to get fitted out to go walrus hunting. He had a thirty-foot boat which he was paying for as and when he could. When he was fixed up I said 'Have you got the book you were talking about? I'd like to have a look at it.' 'Ah' he replied, 'I have got it, but not here. It's at my camp on the coast. I left my box and some other things there in the spring.'

'Never mind' said I, 'Some other time.' I thought 'You lying old so-and-so, you haven't got one at all.' Perhaps he read my mind, for he continued 'However, I'll bring it along when I come in at Christmas.' 'Good' I replied, 'I should like to see it.' And promptly forgot the matter.

Round about the end of November we started making a small keg of beer. We had some packaged dry hops and followed the directions as usual and, as usual, figured she wasn't liable to be very lively that way, so added a few pounds of raisins and dried apple rings along with the dried yeast, to improve the body a bit. We made a number of Christmas puddings in five-pound pails, and dug out the goose we'd had buried in a barrel of lard since September. He was in good shape and by that time frozen like a rock.

All the hunters came in for Christmas with their families and the post was a mass of snow houses, with everyone spending their days visiting and their nights square-dancing in one of our wooden shacks. I got a sore thumb from the accordion thong and wore out my best sealskin winter white-bottom boots double-shuffling with the Eskimo girls. And Serqualouk forgot to bring his book.

The winter and spring passed and the ice broke up and the usual round went on. Adami and I went sealing and had the idea of calling on Serqualouk at his coastal camp, but the ice started drifting inshore and we had to beat it before the boat got nipped. We put about smartly and managed to dodge up river before trouble occurred. I almost gave up hope of seeing the 'suitably shaped wharf' picture but it was one of those stupid things that persist in the mind and although I forgot about it I remembered from time to time.

In June Vallie came in, dodging the few remaining floes, and wanted me to go with him to the shore camp. There was some sickness among the people. 'What's wrong?' I asked. 'There are many of us all swollen up and unable to move' he answered. This sounded like some food poisoning or other, so after a few more questions which eventually elicited the information that the apparent cause of the trouble was eating the meat of a very dead whale washed up on the beach, I took a selection of medicines and accompanied him down river.

At the camp I saw the sufferers, who all looked as if they had been inflated by some sort of air pump. In some cases the eyes were almost invisibly sunk in the puffed flesh and when one pressed any part of the body the depression lasted for several seconds. I lashed out strong laxatives all around and ordered spruce tea to be brewed and administered constantly.

In twenty-four hours they were all on the way to recovery, all except Serqualouk who from inflation went to deflation and got more and more gaunt and feeble. I tried everything at my poor command, but perhaps the poison had affected his heart, for he never improved.

Just before he died he asked his wife to open his box and get his book. I was in the tent watching him and giving him sips of brandy. I nearly dropped the bottle. To my shame, be it said, I was so anxious to have the mystery of the bent wharf revealed to me at last, that I forgot poor old Serqualouk for a few seconds. He was too feeble to raise himself but she put the book in his hands and he fumbled for a piece of grass which he'd used as a marker. Shakily he held out the volume to me and when I took it from him said 'You see, boss, very suitable', and died.

The book was a child's geography and the open page showed 'A view of Dover Harbour, 1897'. □

For the Yuletide Feast

by Ruth Harvey
Illustrated by Barbara Cook

Nostalgic memories of a child's "world of wonders" in the old Winnipeg store of the Hudson's Bay Company

A chapter from the book Curtain Time, *"a saga of the greatest playhouse in the Canadian West," published in Canada by Thomas Allen Ltd., and in the United States by Houghton Mifflin Company.*

"Oh brave! Oh sweet bell! . . . When the pancake-bell rings, we are as free as my lord mayor; we may shut up our shops and make holiday. . . . I'll lead you to victuals.—The Shoemaker's Holiday.

THE fortnight just before Christmas was a slack time in the show business and many companies planned a lay-off then. People were too busy shopping and preparing for the holidays to go to the theatre. We went shopping, too, and the very best part of it was our special trip to the Hudson's Bay Company's store.

On most of our other visits there we used one of the entrances that gave on gloves and ribbons and purses and led to the elevators. That was nice, but it was—even with a detour to the toy department—like any other big shop. On our annual, pre-holiday expedition we passed and ignored this part of the store and went to the farthest end of the building before we entered. The doors we pushed open here were like all the others, but they seemed wider and loftier and I always thought of them as "portals," for they led into a world of wonders.

To step inside there on a December day, half blinded by the dazzle of sun on snow, was to be Ali Baba entering the vast gloom of the treasure cave. For a moment

I could see only dimly the laden shelves and counters. But even before my eyes had adjusted to the light my nostrils were aware of many odours—coffee, apples, warm bread, spices, tea and oranges, mingled with others pleasant but unidentifiable, in a symphonic smell of good food.

The food department of the Hudson's Bay Company's store was large, but it was not bright, obvious, and slickly hygienic as the big markets are now. It did not suggest a quick feed by fluorescent glare at an enamel-topped table in a corner of the kitchen, but rather, long feasts by candlelight at the knightly board. The dark wood in the long counters, in the high shelves lining the walls, in the ranks of cupboards and deep, mysterious bins, gave it a mellow, grand, baronial air.

Directly inside the door was the tobacco counter. In its glass showcase were pipes with bowls of richly polished bruyere or carved meerschaum, humidors and pouches, and gilt-edged playing cards. Ready, on the counter above, were tins and packets of fine cigarettes, canisters of tobacco, and wooden boxes displaying cigars like brown potentates' fingers, ringed in scarlet and gold or regally wrapped in entire robes of silver.

The counter was set just there, I suppose, for the convenience of the male customer, and it was symbolic. It dominated the place. A gentleman could step in from the street and buy his tobacco without having to make his way past the long aisles of kitchen supplies, yet in the short moment of his stay he could cast a lordly glance over the territory beyond.

"All this," the tobacco counter seemed to suggest, "is your domain, sir. The clerks busy at the shelves and the women shopping are minions intent on your comfort and pleasure."

If the gentleman glanced above the door, the coat-of-arms of the Company confirmed the suggestion. The four beavers sable on the shield and the two elks supporting it were explicit. "This extraordinary organization," they told him, "is a monument to male initiative and power."

"And all the agreeable perquisites thereof!" added the fox who formed the crest of the arms and was seated on a red cap trimmed with ermine, the heraldic symbol of sovereignty.

"This company," the fox continued, "was born in the minds of gentlemen smoking their long pipes and warming their silver-buckled shoes before the fire in a coffee house in London. It was chartered by King Charles and headed by Prince Rupert. It knows what a gentleman likes and what is his due. And thus in your service, sir, are the long winter trap-lines of the North, the pelt-laden sledges of the Eskimos dragging across the snow, the Indian canoes heavy with skins flowing with the spring-freed streams to Hudson's Bay. And the lonely trading posts there. And the ships that come to them, fighting the ice through the straits, to unload their cargoes of kettles and knives and blankets and bright cloth, and load again with furs and turn back to the straits. And all the other ships that join them on the sea, the ships going east with their bellies full of minerals and western wheat and coming back to provide you, sir, with comforts and sensual delights.

"In short, sir," concluded the fox, from his elegant perch on the ermined cap of maintenance, "with your dinner."

And the gentleman, like a prince pausing at the door to the kitchens on a royal tour of inspection, might take one more glance at the back of the store and one sniff of the perfumed promises wafted thence and so, stopping only to clip and light his cigar, go on his way.

Well, the gentleman might leave, content with one glimpse and one whiff, but wild horses could not have dragged me out. Or even hurried me on. Mamma and I moved with leisure from section to section. We did not rush along, seizing packages and piling them into a perambulator. In due time our purchases would be sent to the house in a sleigh drawn by a horse with jingling bells on its harness. At each department we sat down on the chairs there and mamma took out her list. The clerk displayed, measured, weighed, and suggested. And while mamma considered and made her selections, I had time, leaning back comfortably with my heels hooked over the rungs of the chair, to survey the laden shelves.

One of the first sections was almost like the toy department, for the merchandise was in miniature. Here were little packets of those wonderful tastes that were spread in the sandwiches at grownups' parties. And all the things an English cook used for savouries to serve at the end of a meal instead of a sweet dessert. Small jars of bloater paste, pink shrimp, lobster, anchovy, ham and turkey. Russian caviar that did not look nice and tasted just as bad, but was exotic to think about. Sardines, invisible in flat tins, but lying there, I knew, silvery in pools of amber oil. And *pate de foie gras* in shallow, yellow-glazed pots, each with a lid and a thin layer of creamy fat beneath it to protect the velvet *pate*.

By this time, although I had had a sound breakfast of oatmeal porridge, bacon and toast, I would begin to feel the faint symptoms of appetite, the little languor in the stomach followed by dreamy thoughts of food. "This state," Brillat Savarin says, "is not without its charms." Certainly I, with the visions actually before me, found it delightful and I turned to look at the neighbouring shelves.

Here were green olives, almost as big as plums, stuffed with pimentos and celery and nuts. Gherkins sweet and gherkins sour. Brown pickled walnuts. Chutneys, waiting in spiced splendour to be wedded to some prince of curries. Here were square jars of sulphur-coloured chow-chow, the kind that was very hot and very sour and that, when you spread it on bread, dripped through and made indelible stains on white middy blouses.

Here was horseradish in tall white bottles and capers in tall green bottles. Worcestershire sauce "from the recipe of a nobleman in the county." And all those other sauces the English invented to take your mind off the slabs of cold meat and the mounds of sodden vegetables. Sauces with labels that made you think of crotchety old gentlemen in London clubs and the story of the man who was black-balled from one of them and drummed out of his regiment with his epaulettes torn off, and whatever other humiliating things they do to those who disgrace the uniform, because he had taken mustard with his mutton.

A memory of last summer's sun seemed to haunt the shelves beyond, shining from the contents of the glass jars with jewel colours. Here were the jams, red raspberry and strawberry and cherry. Black-currant jam and tart gooseberry. Golden apricot and dark damson plum. Blackberry jam that was purple to see and purple to taste. Jams that made you think of English streams and hedges.

And from France, precious little jars of Bar-le-Duc: currants in ruby nectar, so good to eat with Neufchatel cheese.

And marmalades. Marmalades made in Scotland from Spanish oranges. Marmalades, in small grey stone jars, brown and deliciously bitter and chewy with peel. Marmalades in big gilt tins. Marmalades made of lemons and tangerines, with the fragrance of the fruit perpetuated by sugar. Marmalades that would slide from a spoon, light and clear and flecked delicately with shreds of peel.

And jellies. Crab apple and quince glowing in their glasses, pellucid jellies "soother than the creamy curd." Now there was a poem! The stupid person who made the illustration for it in *The Young Folk's Library* had painted Porphyro and Madeline stealing down the castle stairs, neglecting the stanza that described the best picture of all.

Oh, gladly would I sleep an azure-lidded sleep in blanched linen, smooth and lavender'd, if I could wake to see what Madeline saw: the candied fruits, the jellies, the lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon. Poor Madeline—she was bustled off by Porphyro and Keats without having had a single taste. It was outrageous.

But mamma was not so unkind. She would always buy a jar of preserved ginger, a squatty blue Chinese jar bound and looped with raffia. And some honey —the pale golden syrup that would taste of clover and prairie roses, or one of the exquisite combs that made you feel wickedly destructive when you first broke into them, thinking of the long, precise industry of the bees.

Behind the next counters were glass-fronted bins of rice and beans and dried peas. There were coffee beans and green and black teas in enormous storage canisters. And little tin and lead caddies of tea scented with lemon or jasmine that the clerk lifted down reverently from the shelves.

Beyond were the cheeses. Huge cartwheels of yellow Canadian cheese and smaller disks of white cheese made by the Trappist monks in a prairie monastery twenty miles away—the kind Schumann-Heink liked so much. Silver packages of snowy Neufchatel, and Maclaren's, orange, soft and mealy, packed in blue-white china jars. Here were green-veined Roqueforts and Gorgonzolas, looking geological from their long sojourn in the caves, chubby red Dutch cheeses, and English Cheddars and Stiltons.

It was a Stilton that papa had used for his great experiment. He had bored holes in it, filled them with port wine, and set the cheese away on a high shelf to ripen. Just after that we had all left on a month's holiday. When we came back mamma took one step inside the kitchen door and stopped. "Something," she cried in a Mrs. Siddons voice, "has died here!" High and low we searched for a carcass. We found nothing, and mamma sent for a carpenter. He traced the smell to the long pantry. "A rat," he said, "under the floor." He was just ripping up the first of the floor boards when papa strolled in and took one deep, enraptured sniff. "Ah," he said, "I believe my cheese is exactly ripe."

At the back of the store were the poultry, fish and meats. Here we passed the red salmon, the finnan haddie, the mammoth rib roasts of beef and saddles of mutton, to contemplate the plump geese and capons. Sometimes we toyed with the idea of having one at Christmas, just for novelty, but we always ended by ordering a turkey. There was nothing like a big, high-bosomed turkey for Christmas dinner. Turkey and all the trimmings for the far-from-home theatre people who might be our guests. I let mamma decide which bird to choose—it could be admired later as it browned and glazed in the oven and filled the house with a gust of fragrance at every basting—and I went on to the bakery department.

The good things that went with English tea were here: scones, crumpets, muffins, Bath buns. There were round loaves of cottage bread, each with a baby loaf on its back, like duck-on-a-rock. There was the mealy brown bread papa liked. Sometimes he would take two slices of it with an apple to the office for his lunch. He would always exhibit this small package, making a great show of his austerity. And it did seem like a meager lunch—until you remembered that he had fruit and oatmeal and buckwheat cakes and maple syrup and sausages and coffee for his breakfast.

Next to the new-baked goods was one of the best departments of all: the biscuits. Here were the everyday biscuits and the special-treat biscuits. The bins behind the counter held the ordinary ones: social teas, fig newtons, oval arrow-roots for the nursery, raisin biscuits and ginger snaps. But on the shelves above were tins of plumcake and shortbread from Edinburgh, and boxes and boxes of the very finest biscuits from England. They were packed for the colonies; boxed in tin and soldered tight against heat and cold and damp. From England they went by ship over the globe, to all the big red splashes on the map and all the tiny red pinpricks dotting the blue expanses of the oceans. To Chesterfield Inlet, to Bulawayo, to Simla, to Singapore. Every moment, I knew, of my day and night, it was tea time some place or other in the Empire. People were warming the pot, measuring the tea leaves, pouring on the boiling water, and perhaps while the tea steeped, opening a box of biscuits like these.

It was fascinating to open one. Under the snug tin cover the box was sealed with another sheet of tin that could be cut with the tine of a fork or with a little opener that sometimes came with the box. When you tore off this tin wrapping and lifted the thick sheets of waxed paper beneath it, there were the biscuits. Little rounds and ovals, squares and diamonds. Some shaped like coronets or like beehives. Some filled with fondant. Each sort separated from the others by paper frills as crimped as the ruffles of a regency dandy.

To us in Canada they were delicious, the best of their kind. But to Britishers in the remote outposts they must have been more than a good product. At tea—the best and the most English of all English meals—it must have been pleasant to have them. For though the strawberries might be missing, the Devonshire cream and the crumpets, here, at least, were the English biscuits, as crisp and fresh as if it were home.

England had done handsomely by her brewers and her soapmakers: they had been wafted up to the peerage as if on clouds of lather and froth. But I felt keenly that these bakers had served the Empire even better, and I hoped there had been some biscuit barons in the honours list on the King's birthday.

As we had almost circled the store now, we came to some of those things whose scents had greeted us when we entered. Here were barrels of apples, crates of oranges and tangerines, and brown Spanish casks full of grapes packed in crumbled cork: malagas as cool as jade, and great hothouse clusters that were deep purple beneath a frosty bloom.

Here, too, were the dried fruits, the raisins, currants, cherries, citron and angelica for the Christmas cakes and puddings. Mamma had bought her supply of these on an earlier expedition, and our Christmas cakes had been made. Everyone in the house had stirred a wish into them before they were put in the oven to bake for hours. Then, for two or three days they had stood on trays in the pantry while juice from preserved cherries and plums was poured over them and allowed to soak in. Finally they had been bathed in brandy and now, blanketed under an inch of almond paste, they were dozing boozily in the fruit cellar.

Today we would buy clusters of table raisins to nibble and almonds and walnuts to crack lazily at the end of dinner, when appetite had changed to a feeling of obesity, but the hand was still moving automatically to the mouth, *allargando*, like a metronome running down.

Here, too, we ordered our Christmas candies and it was hard to choose. There were bright marzipan fruits, *langues de chat* in flat boxes, silver-wrapped sweet chocolate tied with bright ribbons, yellow twists of barley sugar, butterscotch wafers and rum toffee. Dangling from a wire hung above the counter were the red-and-white peppermint canes for the Christmas tree, and small plum puddings looking like fat friars in their brown or white cloth sacks. In *Mother Goose* there was a rhyme about a king "who stole three pecks of barley meal to make a bag pudding." It must have been larger than these, for

> The King and Queen did eat thereof,
> And all the court beside;
> And what they did not eat that night
> The Queen next morning fried.

Like mush, I supposed. It made the family life of ancient English royalty seem so cozy, and I longed to taste one of these little puddings. But mamma scorned them because they were boiled instead of steamed. For our own pudding she bought here a set of good luck charms: a ring, a thimble, a threepenny bit, a donkey and a four-leafed shamrock.

And then we came to the most festive and exciting of all these special, holiday things: the crackers. Some of them were magnificent, with gilt or silver trimming on the coloured crepe paper. Some were decorated with artificial flowers or tinsel butterflies for the ladies to pin on their dresses or wear in their hair. But that was only the outside. A small label on the end of each box told what was inside the crackers: caps, charms, fake jewelry, conundrums, jokes or epigrams. Sometimes there were several prizes in each.

Oh, what delight—before the turkey was brought on—to find your cracker! What excitement to pull it with your neighbour, getting your fingers firmly on the snapper and making a terrific bang! And then the unwrapping, the unfolding of the paper caps that might be crowns or baby bonnets. And after the caps were

put on, everyone read the joke or the riddle he had found. The epigrams were cribbed from Voltaire and Lord Chesterfield, and sometimes the riddles were pedantic. I remember one that sounded as if it had been made up by some waggish don: "Why is a misogynist like an epithalamium?" But most were better suited to the varied ages of a Christmas family party. Merriment would dent two dimples high in my little cousin's cheeks as she read hers: "Why does a sculptor die a horrible death?" "Why?" we would all ask, and shout with laughter at the answer: "Because he makes faces and busts!"

When we had chosen our box of crackers we came to the last stop, the department where the wines and liquors were sold. These shelves had a regimental look, with the bottles all in line, shoulder to shoulder, like soldiers on the parade ground. They were not, I thought, so beautiful as the shelves of jellies, for here dark glass often hid the colours of the wines. And my palate was too young to appreciate the contents. But as mamma ordered, the names took on an aura of festivity. First, claret for the holiday dinners. Even the children would have a few drops of claret in their glasses—enough to make the water a faint pink and to make us feel regal. Then brandy, to put around the pudding and set alight. And sherry, to serve to callers and to put in the grownups' pudding sauce. Children had lemon sauce, but at about twelve years it was possible to graduate to a small helping of the grownups' nectar, silky smooth with eggs, heavenly sweet with sugar, and divinely fiery with sherry.

And now mamma asked for rum. That was for past Christmas, for New Year's Day. It would go into the punch bowl with brandy and lemons and sugar and spices and hot water. New Year's Day was a grand day, the end of the holidays but the beginning of something new. The first page of an unread book, promising and mysterious. You began it with a fine feeling of virtue, exalted by resolutions to practice the piano more than one hour every day and sternly to conquer the Latin gerund and gerundive. Of course, you would not have to start this until the next day: New Year's Day was too busy. The close family warmth of Christmas expanded now to include all old friends, in laughter, joviality and a confirmation of fellowship. From early afternoon until well into the evening all the men in town went on a round of calls. They paid their respects to the Crown at the Lieutenant-Governor's official reception and then went from house to house of friends, where the women were ready with their dining tables spread with sandwiches and cakes and tea and coffee and punch. When I saw the bottle of rum on the counter I thought of the fine smell our punch bowl would have. And I thought of Mr. Barley.

For as long as I could remember I had seen Mr. Barley on New Year's afternoon. He never patronized me when I was little or was archly teasing when I was in my early teens. He talked to me just as he did to papa and mamma, and at six, at eleven, I looked forward to his New Year's call.

He was a small, slender man and the years did not change him much, except that he grew more frail and his blond hair and moustache paled with the white hairs in them. As he grew older he came earlier and stayed later at our house. He had not the strength to make the usual great round of calls, and year by year death made its cancellations on his calling list. So, sometimes as early as two o'clock the bell would ring, and when I ran to the door and opened it, Mr. Barley would blow in like a stray brown cocoon on the gust of below-zero air. I would take his beaver coat, his fur cap and his gauntlets, and we would settle him in an armchair by the fire with his punch. He would wrap his fingers about the mug to warm them. His hands were slender and the veins showed green-blue on the pale, freckled skin. He would sniff the punch, and smile, and sip.

"Very warming, very fortifying!" he would say contentedly. Then, lighting the first of a chain of cigarettes, he would talk about the theatre and the shows he had liked. He would tell us about his reading, his latest phonograph records. He had a love for French writers and French music.

"That fellow Anatole France!" He would shake his head in admiration. "You'll enjoy him when you are old enough. And that fellow Verlaine!"

He would tell us about a new song, singing it more with the left hand that sketched the melodic line than with the breath of a voice that chanted the words:

Le temps des lilas et le temps des roses est passe.
Le temps des oeillets aussi . . .

And then, while we were busy with other callers, he would take a cat nap, waking for a little more punch and more talk. . . .

So the clerk wrote the order, set aside the bottle. "Hudson's Bay Company . . . Rum . . . Overproof," it said on the label—a bottle of New Year's Day! Old friends and their greetings, pleasant talk, laughter, fruitcake, a fine feeling of virtue, and dear Mr. Barley, and that fellow Verlaine.

Mamma checked her list. Yes, with the rum, everything was ticked off. She folded the slip of paper and put it away in her purse. I buttoned my grey lamb coat, tightened the red wool sash around it, and pulled on my mittens. Now I was impatient to get away. I felt as if I had walked around the world, and the little languor in my stomach was a pang of starvation. As I hurried mamma to the door, I would look up at the coat-of-arms. The little fox had a smug look, I thought, as if he had just licked his chops. □

Professor E. E. Rich was general editor of the first twenty-two volumes of the Hudson's Bay Record Society and author of the two-volume 'History of the Hudson's Bay Company, 1670-1870'. He died in July, 1979.

BY E. E. RICH

PRO PELLE CUTEM

THE COLLEGE OF HERALDS is, perhaps, not one of the first places to which one would look for jokes, but from time to time the Kings of Arms seem to have indulged a sense of fun which has created considerable trouble for the historian and the antiquary. Most famous of their jokes is, of course, the motto of the Order of the Garter which, with its *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, has caused very considerable speculation. For the most part when they departed from the simple *Tenebo* or *Semper Fidelis* or the like they indulged in puns either on the name or on the occupation of the family to which the grant was made, and it was in the mottos that the chief scope for humour came. Such puns as that perpetrated by the Tudor merchant Robert Thorne, who founded Bristol Grammar School (1532) and gave it the motto 'Grapes from Thorns', *Ex Spinis Uvas*; or the motto of Repton School founded by Sir John Port, *Porta Vacat Culpa*, are numerous and not lacking in charm. The tradition that the motto should have, if possible, some puckish relevance, and should not be merely a pompous declaration of moral

The H B C coat of arms as represented in William Maitland's 'History and Survey of London', 1756.

Top, left: Impression of an early steel seal, c. 1680. Actual size ¾" in diameter.

The fur robe worn by the northern Indian became the staple 'castor gras' desired by the hatters. From a Rindisbacher painting in the West Point Museum.

A version of the Company seal used, at one time, on fur bales and HBC stationery.

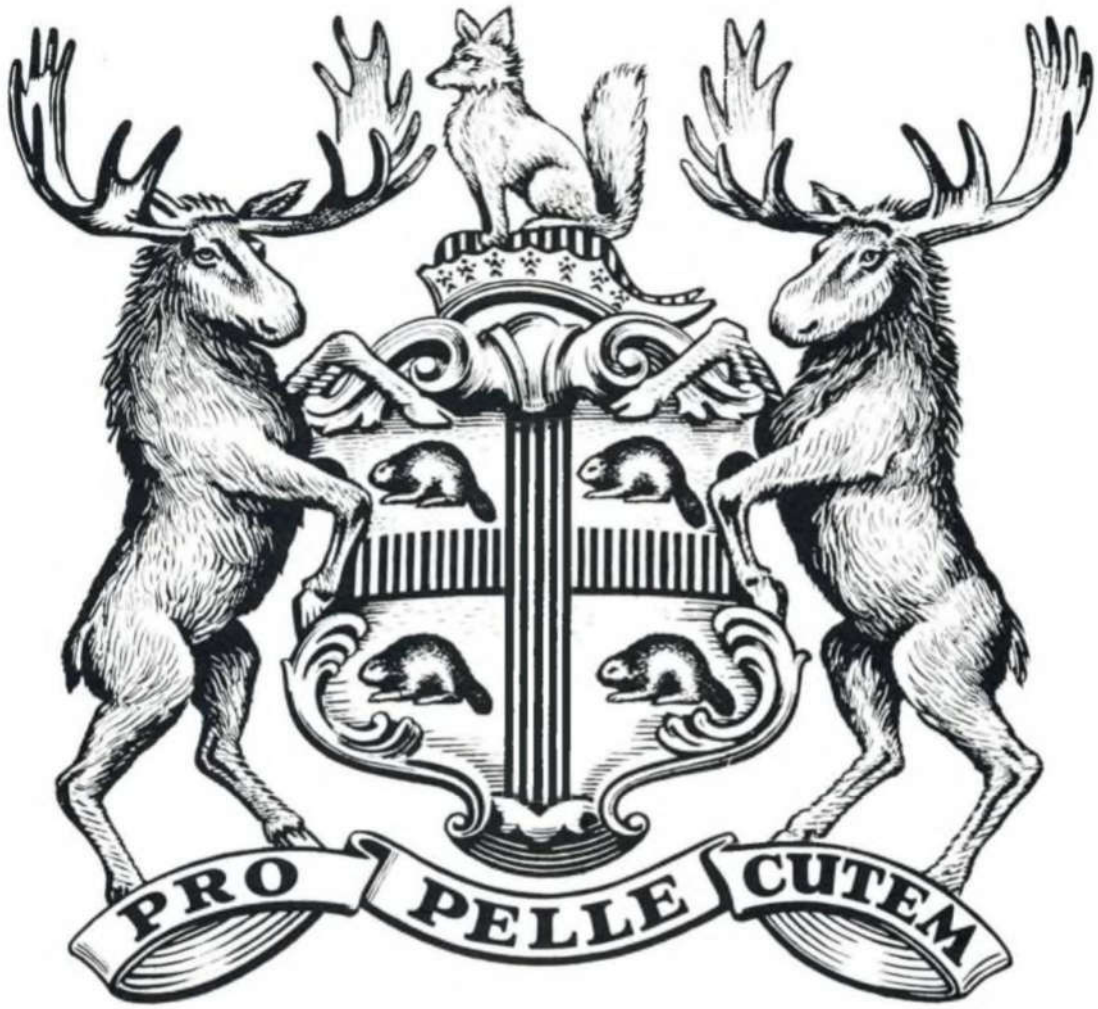
purpose, persisted even when the arms were assumed without the sanction of the College of Heralds — and that seems to have been the case with the Company's arms and motto.

The arms and motto of the Hudson's Bay Company were certainly adopted very soon after the grant of the Charter, for the first seal was cut in 1671, a 'Little Seale' was ordered in 1680 and a silver seal (which probably still survives) in 1683, while there are prints of the coat of arms and motto which date back to 1679. The evidence is pretty conclusive that from the start of its history the Company used the motto and the coat of arms, from which it has never made any serious variation, with its four beaver, its sitting fox for a crest, and its two moose (the heralds called them elks) as supporters. Such a coat of arms would be a necessary part of the right to act as a corporation and to use a common seal which were essential to the organization as a company which the Charter made possible. But there is no trace of a grant of these arms from the College of Heralds until 1921! Such an omission may indicate that the first members of the Company had other things on their minds, or perhaps that they just evaded the fees which an official grant would entail. Since the arms and the motto are correct in every heraldic sense, and since from the start the seals were an official and important part of the Company's corporate existence, the lack of evidence most probably indicates only that there is a gap in the documents but that the arms were in fact properly registered and granted.

In any case, the motto bears the authentic marks of a heraldic grant in its ability to arouse speculation and in the number of explanations of which it is capable. It has been argued that *Pro pelle cutem* is a whimsical derivation from the Book of Job's Vulgate phrase (Chapter 2, verse 4) *Pellem pro pelle* — skin for skin — and it is almost certain that the phrase was in the minds of those who framed the motto. It is also argued that the Vulgate phrase was changed so as to underline the risks of the trade to Hudson Bay; *Pro pelle cutem* could certainly mean 'We risk our skins to get furs' and the most generally accepted version has been that such a twist of the Vulgate phrase was the origin of the Company's motto. Such quirks would have been perfectly normal, and until a clear record of the arguments which led up to the motto comes to light such explanations cannot be ruled out. Nor can the more simple literary derivation from Juvenal's *Pro cute pellem* (Satire x, 192).

But, while such explanations must indeed be accepted as possible, and the certainty which direct evidence would give seems most unlikely, an understanding of the trade system into which the newly chartered Company hoped to fit gives strong support for a different explanation altogether.

From before the start of the Company, from the

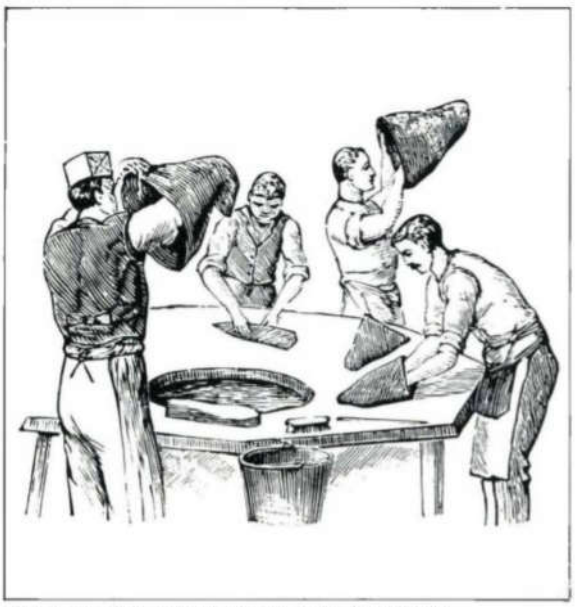


The Hudson's Bay Company coat of arms, as redesigned in 1961 by the British American Bank Note Company Limited, Ottawa, for use on Canadian share certificates. The revision was then slightly altered for general use.

arrival of Radisson and Groseilliers in London, the attention of their supporters was not fixed upon the ordinary fur trade but upon the beaver trade as a peculiar branch of that trade. Lynxes, martens, foxes and bears were indeed in men's minds, but beaver predominated; for beaver was the fur in which the New World paid its debts to the old, beaver was the basis of the economy of Canada, and beaver was the fur which the two adventurous rascals from Canada promised in any quantity to the London courtiers and bankers. The Company's arms included a fox, and they were supported by elks; but the four beaver are quite the main *motif*, and the arms, like the Company itself, must be fitted into the history of the beaver trade, not into the fur trade in its wider aspects.

Now beaver in the seventeenth century was not a fur which was used 'in the pelt' as were most furs. The craft of felting furs was spreading across Europe, and the general tradition is that felt hats first appeared on the continent about 1456, that they were first made in London in 1510, and that the Feltmakers Company of London was chartered to control the increasing trade in 1629. Beaver for the felter was what the Company hoped to get from the Bay — and beaver for the British felter above all.

This was an important consideration because one of the main objects of English policy during this period was to free the English economy from the domination of the Dutch. By their ability in shipping and finance the Dutch got an excessive share of the wealth which the Age of Discoveries had opened up to Europe, and their control of the Baltic trade was a



First stage of a hat: the beaver wool has been felted into hoods which will be shaped and dressed.

particularly strong card in their hand and a particularly galling sign of the inferiority of the English economy. Anything which could break England's dependence on Baltic produce would be welcomed, whether it was grain, hemp, tar, ship's spars — or beaver for felting.

The position of the Dutch and of the Russians in the beaver trade requires some little explanation, and much of the explanation lies in an understanding of the peculiarities of beaver fur. To be of good quality, thick and heavy, the beaver pelt must come from an animal taken during the winter, and taken in as hard a climate as possible. Then the skin carries two kinds of fur. Close to the skin is a thick mass of 'beaver wool', down or 'duvet' as the French called it; on top is a glossy fur of long 'guard hairs'. It was the beaver wool above all which the felters wanted. The mass of barbed fur was admirable for their purpose and was the foundation of the fine fur felts which were moulded into the magnificent beaver hats which graced the seventeenth century. But it was difficult to get the beaver wool out from a prime winter skin without also tearing out the guard hairs and thereby completely destroying the skin and partly spoiling the consistency of the felt. English and French felters therefore liked to get their beaver wool from skins from which the guard hairs had already been removed. This made them dependent on *castor gras*, or 'coat beaver'. These were skins which the Indians had worn for a season and which in the process had lost their guard hairs and had become so thoroughly greasy that they fully earned the title of *castor gras*. The greasy beaver wool was easily shaved from the skin by the felters; it was just what they wanted to manufacture the finest felts, and the supple skin which was left was used for making slippers and other soft-leather goods. The custom of wearing beaver, and the art of doing so in such a way as to impart the maximum of grease, was peculiar to the northern Indians of Canada, and the French complained that the Iroquois who traded with them had not the knack. It was *castor gras*, the greasy coat beaver, which was promised from Hudson Bay, and which in fact came home to London in the first cargoes in encouraging quantities; and the great merit of this was that the coat was a kind of beaver which the English felter knew how to use.

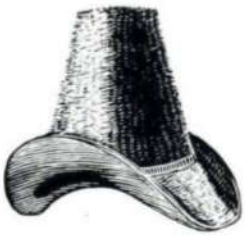
If the beaver came, as the vast bulk did before the trade with Hudson Bay was opened up, from areas where it would not be worn and greased before it was traded, it would merely be a sun-cured pelt, dry instead of supple and greasy, and carrying both the guard hairs and beaver wool just as when it was taken. This was the *castor sec*, the dry beaver or 'parchment' which normally came in great quantities from Canada, from the New England colonies, and from the Dutch American colonies both before and after they were captured by the English. But parchment beaver was in little demand in Europe in its natural state, and would only be used by the furrier for trimmings, bed-covers, and at times for garments in which it could be treated as a natural fur 'in the pelt'. Before it could be properly used by the felter it had to have the beaver wool removed, and this was a process known only to the Russians in the seventeenth century.

Russia had, of course, been the main source of fine furs in Europe until the New World began to send home its pelts; and in Russia there was stored a knowledge of fur techniques which was strenuously guarded. There alone could the parchment beaver from America be so treated that the beaver wool was combed out for the felter's use while the guard hairs were left on the pelt, to make a fine and lustrous fur which was more valued even than the original skin before treatment. Russia, therefore, was a necessary part in the trade routine of felters who could only secure supplies of parchment beaver; and the Dutch controlled the Russian trade, both in taking the parchment to Archangel and in bringing back the beaver wool and the prepared furs. The desire for a source of coat beaver which would make the English felter independent alike of the Russian and of the Dutchman was an important element in the motive which led to support for Radisson and Groseilliers. Their supporters, however, were neither fur-merchants nor felters; they were courtiers and bankers who knew little but the generalities of the trade upon which they had embarked, and they cast round their motives the full technicalities of a Charter

"CONTINENTAL" HAT

NAVAL COCKED HAT

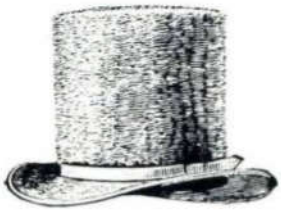
A CLERICAL TYPE



THE PARIS BEAU

THE WELLINGTON

THE D'ORSAY



THE REGENT

ARMY HAT

There have been many modifications of the beaver hat, as shown in Martin's 'Castorologia'. In the eighteenth century, (top row) cocked hats of various styles were fashionable. In the next century the 'stove-pipe' shape became popular.

in which colonization, discovery, justice and national rights all figured largely. But when, in the very early days of their corporate existence, they settled upon their arms they settled upon the arms of a fur-trading company, and of a fur-trading company preoccupied by beaver.

This was a preoccupation which the elusive motto makes quite clear, and which in its turn seems completely and adequately to explain that motto. The beaver was not wanted so that it might be used as ordinary furs were used by the furriers, in the pelt, but to provide the beaver wool for the felter. The Company, in short, wanted the pelt so as to get the wool from it; it wanted the skin, *cutem*, for the sake of the fleece, *pro pelle*. Such an explanation of the motto does not exclude literary and Biblical derivations, nor the possibility that the risks of a fur-trading life were in mind. Where a phrase was being coined, many allusions might well be included. But since the motto can, without strain, be brought into such direct relevance to the trade it would seem perverse to overlook so clear an allusion. □

United States Army

Inside the big transport plane just after the rescue. Left to right: D. W. Munro, clerk at Fort Ross; the author; W. A. Heslop, post manager; Major M. Q. Hancock, medical officer (who was to have followed Captain Stanwell-Fletcher by parachute if he had come to harm). Note the gas tanks.

ARCTIC RESCUE

By Barbara Heslop

In the 20 years following the evacuation of Fort Ross the author accompanied her husband, W. A. Heslop, during his service at various H B C posts in the Arctic, and at Winnipeg from 1963 until their retirement to England two years later. Mrs Heslop died in 1972.

Owing to the difficulty of access, the post at Fort Ross was closed in 1948, and the Eskimos moved to Spence Bay at the south end of Boothia Peninsula.

IT WAS IN SEPTEMBER 1940 that my husband and I arrived at Fort Ross on the *Nascopie*. We had been married in Winnipeg only a few weeks before, so that this was our first home together. We were scheduled to stay there for three years, but in 1942 the Company decided to transfer us to Pangnirtung, a more accessible post on the east side of Baffin Island.

Unfortunately that year the *Nascopie* was very late. Day after day we kept watch, but there was no sign of her — just miles and miles of open sea. But one day a strong north-east wind blew up, and overnight we found the bay jammed with a tumbled ice-pack. This worried us, because it was already late in the season and the temperature was dropping, with consequent

danger of the bay freezing over solid. In view of this we were not unduly surprised when we received a radio message from Arctic Bay telling us that, although the *Nascopie* had made many attempts to get through, all efforts had proved futile and the ship was forced to turn back. Our feelings at this news can be imagined, but our food supplies were still adequate and we didn't worry too much about getting by until next year.

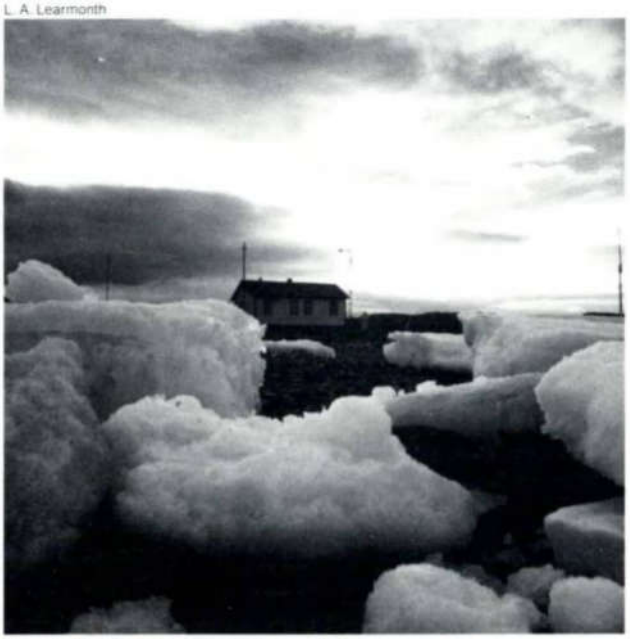
In March 1943, we received our mail, which the *Nascopie* had left at Arctic Bay. It was brought by Canon J. H. Turner of the Anglican Mission when he made his annual trip by dog-team to Fort Ross and Boothia Peninsula. By April, a year and a half after we had received our last supplies, Darcy Munro, the post clerk, and three natives took two dog-teams to Arctic Bay for mess supplies, ammunition, and a few other essentials for the Eskimos. This was a round trip of five hundred miles, and it was not without its hazards, as part of the journey was made on moving ice in Prince Regent Inlet. With these supplies, supplemented by food from Canon Turner's warehouse at Fort Ross, we estimated we had sufficient to carry us through until ship time in September.

April 7 proved to be an eventful day at the post, bringing us two visitors. About six o'clock in the morning Constable L. C. DeLisle of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police arrived by dog-team from Pond Inlet on the annual police patrol. Later in the day an American Army aircraft landed on the sea ice in front of the post. They brought us radio batteries and a few supplies but the crew of four stayed only about an hour. Constable DeLisle used our radio to make his report on a native murder and was ordered by his headquarters in Ottawa to wait at Fort Ross for the arrival of the *Nascopie*, when a proper trial would be held. This meant there would be four of us to share our limited food supply, and we had to plan our rations even more carefully — if that were possible.

About the middle of August 1943, we began to have doubts as to the possibility of the ship reaching us. Although the ice had broken up, it had moved very little, remaining solidly packed in all the bays and harbours. We could not even take our small boats out in the waters around the post. However, in spite of our doubts, we kept the usual close watch.

One evening in September, we sighted the *Nascopie* about fifteen miles off shore. We thought our worries were over; but it was not until later that we were to realize they were just beginning. For three days we saw her, or her smoke, on the horizon and it was evident she was having difficulty in the ice-pack. That was an anxious three days, but we didn't give up until we finally saw her heading north with black smoke belching from her funnel. This called for a conference, and after taking stock of our dwindling supplies we

L. A. Learmonth



The dwelling house at Fort Ross, c. 1940.

The 'Nascopie' ice-bound off Fort Ross, 19 September 1943.

F. R. E. Sparks

recognized that our position was definitely not good. Our foodstuffs were low, and our meals had little variation. For some time we had been without butter, milk, coffee, fruits, and canned vegetables, excepting beans. We all became very diligent hunters, always hoping to bag any wild game. Seals as a rule are plentiful at Fort Ross, but owing to the heavy ice-pack we were not able to get as many as we ordinarily would use. Seal livers are very delicious, but seal meat we found too strong for our taste. Occasionally our day's tramp would be rewarded with an Arctic hare — a real treat.

Radio messages received from Mr R. H. Chesshire, manager of the Fur Trade Department in Winnipeg,

buoyed our spirits up. He kept us well informed as to their plans, and we knew that the Company would do all it could to get supplies to us by plane and take us out if that was possible. We realized nothing could be done during the month of October as the weather then is not good for flying because of heavy fogs. But this condition usually clears with colder weather in November. We also knew we would see the last of the sun on 17 November, and the days would soon grow short.

On 19 October, Constable DeLisle set out for Repulse Bay with his dog-team and such supplies as he could get from the Anglican Mission stores. When those were finished he would be forced to live off the country for the rest of his four-hundred-mile journey. (Two months later we learned he had got through.)

Then Mr Chesshire informed us that they were arranging to take us out, and bring in supplies to the natives, by air. The Company had approached the Canadian government for assistance, and the Royal Canadian Air Force had undertaken to do the job if a machine was available. Unfortunately the only planes large enough for the expedition were Liberator bombers, and none of these could be released from coastal duties.

This was a great disappointment, after all plans had been made. We soon learned, however, that the Dominion government had asked for assistance from the U.S. Army Air Forces, and they had generously agreed to help. The R.C.A.F., on their part, would assist with the experience of their personnel.

Colonel John P. Fraim, Jr, of Winnipeg,

Weather maps and special weather reports from H B C posts in the Arctic are studied in preparation for the rescue flight. Left to right: Captain W. H. Corwin, pilot; Captain E. E. Stettler, operations base meteorologist; and Colonel John P. Fraim Jr, commanding officer of the United States Army Forces in central Canada, who supervised the careful planning of the operation.

United States Army

The United States Army Air Forces provided a Douglas C-47 'Skytrain' cargo plane for the rescue, with this chosen crew of highly skilled airmen.

United States Army

D. W. Munro

A group of Eskimos at Fort Ross. The costumes of the women show that this was a place where two Eskimo cultures met — the Eskimos originally from Baffin Island wear the short white parkas of the Eastern Arctic; the Eskimos of the Boothia Peninsula area, the long 'Mother Hubbards' of the Western Arctic.

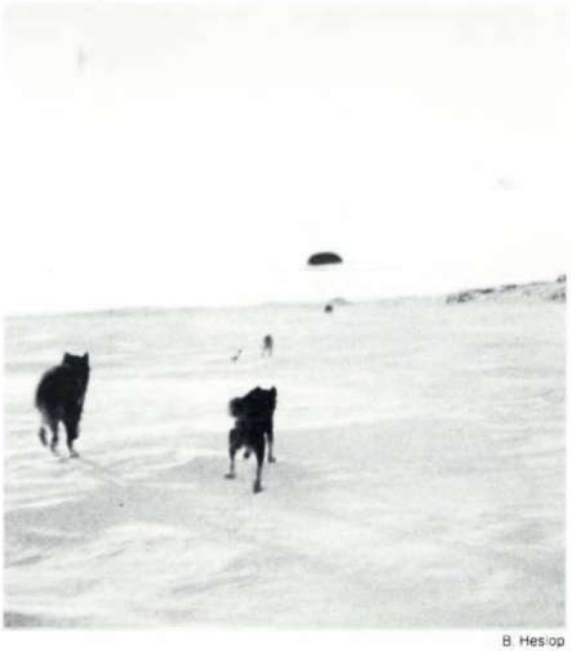
commanding officer of the U.S. Army Forces in central Canada, was placed in command of the expedition. He secured a Douglas C-47 'Skytrain', specially fitted with four additional 100-gallon fuel tanks, snow and ice tires, and skis, and provided with a picked crew, including arctic experts. The plane was flown to a northern base, and there awaited an opportunity to make the long hop to Fort Ross.

Weather reports were sent regularly from our end, and when a favourable moment arrived, the Army fliers advised us they were taking off. This was 1 November. As luck would have it, about two hours before they were due to arrive, a strong wind caused such a thick ground-drift of loose snow they were unable to locate us. The plane had been forced to turn back, although it was within fifty miles of us.

November 4 turned out to be a perfect day for flying, and we were told by radio that another attempt was to be made. They were to fly over the post and drop supplies by parachute. While Bill and Darcy stayed at the post to keep in radio contact with the plane, I set off for Hazard Inlet, two miles away,

On the second flight of the cargo plane, made on 4 November 1943, 2,000 pounds of food and supplies were dropped by parachute to the people of Fort Ross.

United States Army



B. Heslop

B. Heslop

Following the supplies, Captain J. F. Stanwell-Fletcher parachutes to the ice of Hazard Inlet from a height of 1,100 feet — the first jump ever attempted within the Arctic Circle. Stanwell-Fletcher, an arctic expert, had come to select a suitable landing place for the plane.

B. Heslop

Captain Stanwell-Fletcher is helped out of the parachute harness. The jump was the first he had ever made, and followed only one day's training.

with a group of natives, to watch for its arrival. Hazard Inlet was chosen because there happened to be about two miles of flat ice in that place, whereas the bay immediately in front of the post was filled with rough ice and would not have done at all for the landings.

We had been informed that Captain J. F. Stanwell-Fletcher of the U.S.A.A.F. was going to make a jump — the first one ever attempted within the Arctic Circle. There was great excitement when we sighted the plane. When it swooped low over us, dipping its wings in salute, there was a great throwing of hats in the air and a wild cheering that cut the arctic stillness. After watching the plane circle several times at about seven hundred feet, we saw a tiny bundle tumble out of the plane. It quickly took shape, and finally a large yellow parachute, glistening in the sun, settled down gracefully to earth with a large case of supplies. Everyone ran for it, but almost before we reached it another followed, and then another, until seven bales and a 'Gibson Girl' radio transmitter had been dropped.

Then the plane circled higher and higher to an altitude of eleven hundred feet. We watched anxiously to see what would happen next. Suddenly we saw another bundle dropping from the plane. It soon took the shape of a man, a huge white parachute carrying him to earth. This was Captain Stanwell-Fletcher, who, although he may not have realized it, was receiving applause from those few natives and myself equal to that accorded a Metropolitan Opera star. He made a successful landing almost at our feet.

Captain Stanwell-Fletcher, an arctic specialist, had come to select a landing place for the plane. After rolling over in the snow a couple of times, he was on his feet to greet us. This was the first jump he had ever made, and he had only one day of instruction with the Canadian parachute training school at Camp Shilo, Manitoba, as preparation. Although he said he had been scared by the drop, he gave no indication of it. He at once sent an 'All's well' signal to the plane as it circled over us again. It was soon out of sight.

Then we began to collect the bales and carefully gather up the parachutes. We loaded everything on the sleds and proceeded to the post. No time was lost in getting into those bales, either. No more beans and sausage for us! Incidentally, all we had left to eat was three tins of sausage, six pounds of dried beans, twenty-four pounds of flour, and tea and sugar. In the bales we found ham, bacon, powdered eggs, milk, butter, fruit and vegetables. Besides this there were essential supplies for the natives — flour, ammunition, tea and tobacco — two thousand pounds in all. So they, too, had a 'banquet royal' that night. With supplies at the post running so low, they had feared that the winter would be one of great privation for

them; but now they were delighted to find that the Company had furnished food and ammunition enough to last them until the summer.

Captain Stanwell-Fletcher immediately commenced searching for a landing place for the giant aircraft, which was going to return for us. The sea ice proved too thin for the fifteen-ton plane, so the ice on the lakes was tested. Finally he selected a small landlocked lake about ten miles from the post where the ice was seventeen inches thick. A rough landing field, 3,000 feet long and 150 feet wide, was marked out with snow blocks covered by coal sacks and levelled off by the natives. Then a radio message was sent advising the rescuers that everything was ready.

On the morning of 7 November, we were informed that the plane was taking off and should reach us about noon. All our baggage was loaded on dog-sleds and we took it to the selected spot, two and a half hours' journey away. I had with me, Hobo, my eighty-pound husky pup, whom I planned to bring out with me. Then came the anxious minutes of waiting. For half an hour we sat in a small snow house we had built at the head of the lake. Bill and Darcy were busy sending out a radio signal on the 'Gibson Girl' transmitter. I'll never know who heard the plane first — perhaps we all heard it together. But soon the drone of the engine came plainly to our ears and we could see the great 'Skytrain' winging towards us.

There were low clouds and plenty of fog about and the plane slipped in and out of sight. It was soon obvious the fliers could not see us. With Captain Stanwell-Fletcher outside watching the plane's movements, Bill tried to guide it to the field with directions over the radio — 'You're too far north. . . . You're too far east. . . .'

Finally they saw us and the tiny lake, and began circling for the landing. Colonel Fraim later said they didn't much like the appearance of the rough little landing area sandwiched between 1,000-foot hills.

The plane glided in, made a perfect landing on its huge skis, and came up the runway towards us. From then on things moved quickly. There were nine men in the plane and most of them jumped out while natives helped to swing the tail around. They didn't dare allow the great machine to stand still for a moment for fear the skis would freeze to the ice.

The first blow came when they told us we couldn't bring any baggage with us. Even the freight parachutes had to be left behind, with all our personal belongings, including the films we had taken over the past two years. We brought only the faithful 'Gibson Girl' and a small handbag each. Despite extra fuel tanks lashed in the cabin of the plane, we were going to need every drop of gas to get us out and every ounce of excess weight was a danger.

Supplies for the natives were quickly dumped out on the ice — ammunition, flour and staples to last

B. Heslop

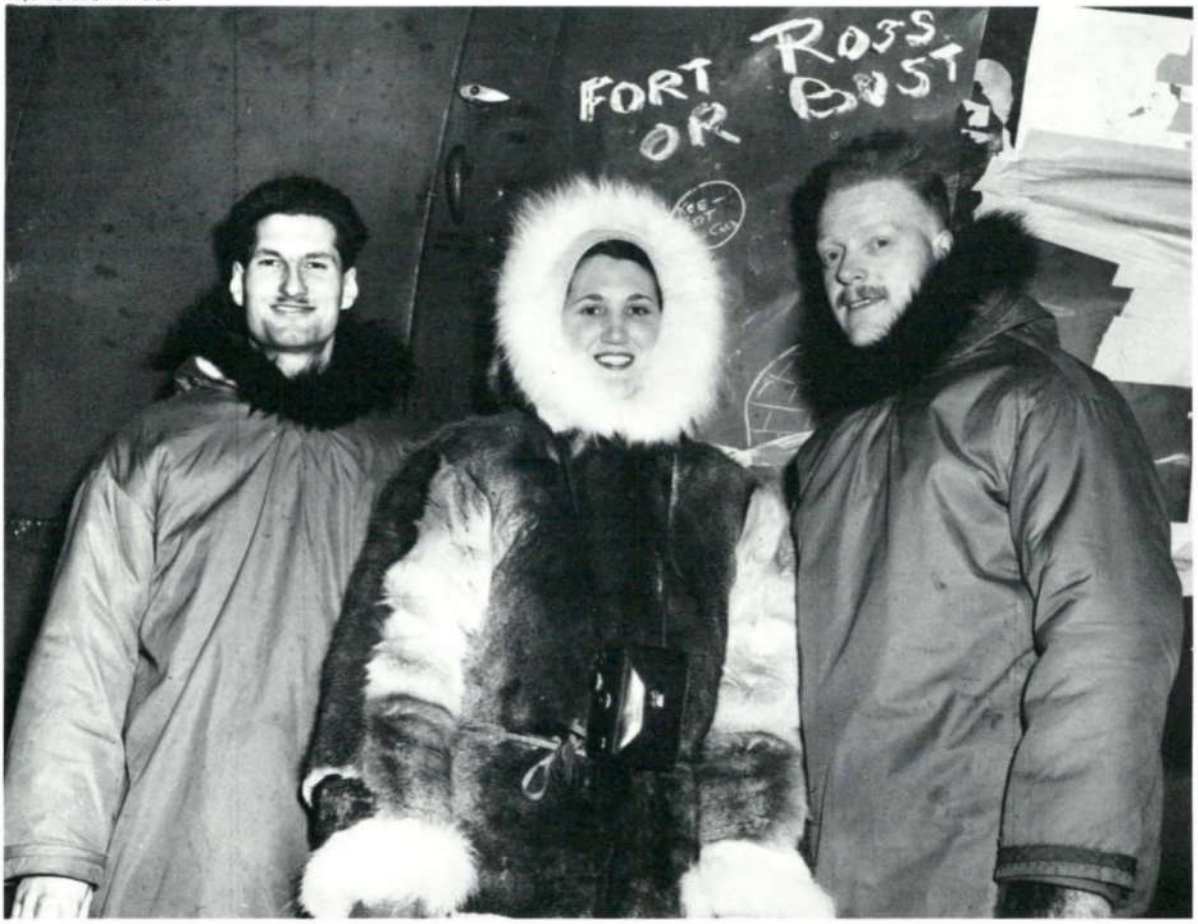
8

The landing place chosen by Captain Stanwell-Fletcher for the plane — a freshwater lake 10 miles from the post. Stanwell-Fletcher (right) holds the antenna of the 'Gibson Girl' radio, which is held up by the kite seen at the top of the picture.

B. Heslop

On the third flight the cargo plane, equipped with special skis, made a successful landing and take-off despite hazardous conditions. The runway had been marked out with coal sacks on snow blocks.

Royal Canadian Air Force



Barbara Heslop, her husband William (right), and Darcy Munro on their arrival at Stevenson Field, Winnipeg.

them the winter. The fliers had brought parachutes to drop these supplies if a landing proved impossible. Even these were thrown out to save weight.

The three of us ran to the plane, and while it still kept in motion we clambered through the door, encumbered with our heavy fur parkas, sealskin trousers and Eskimo boots. Captain Stanwell-Fletcher had lifted Hobo in, but before the door was closed it was decided his eighty pounds added too much hazard to the safety of the aircraft. I couldn't bear to look as they pushed him out onto the ice, and I don't know what happened to him.

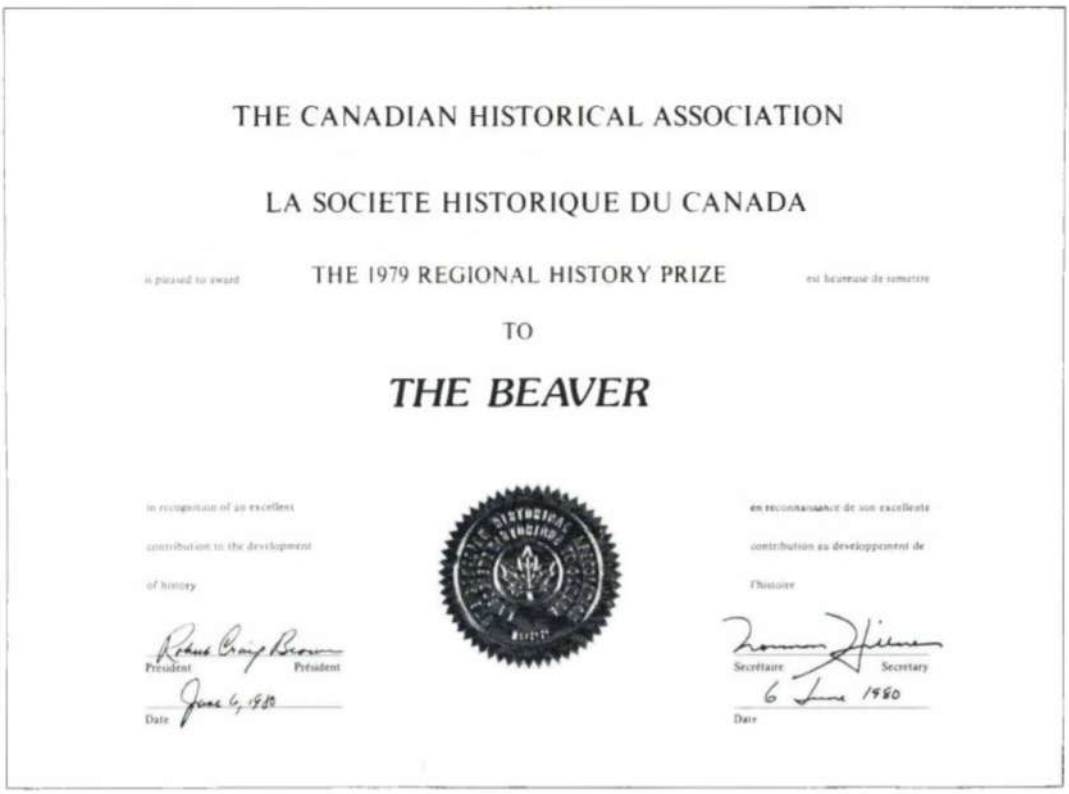
Then we were off, racing down the runway. From landing to take-off the plane had been down hardly sixteen minutes. We cleared the low hills at the end of the runway with only feet to spare.

About half way to the northern base which was to be our first stop we had a little excitement. The main tanks ran out without warning. The motors of the giant plane sputtered and went dead. Seconds ticked by as we held our breath and wondered what was going to happen. But quick action by the fliers saved the day. They cut in the spare tanks, the motors sprang to life with a roar and we breathed again.

It was pitch dark when we reached the base. Low clouds made it impossible to pick up the airfield lights until we had circled several times. When we landed we had enough gas left for only ten more minutes of flying. Perhaps poor Hobo's weight made all the difference between success and failure.

At this base we were met by W. E. Brown of the Hudson's Bay Company and Squadron Leader J. Hone, liaison officer for the R.C.A.F. We remained there for three days until weather permitted us to proceed to another northern base. Again bad weather kept us grounded until 13 November, when we finally reached our goal — Stevenson Field in Winnipeg.

So ended our adventure. Many people have been stranded in the far north and many rescue expeditions have been sent out. But this one will go down in history as the first in which one of the rescuers parachuted down onto the icy wastes of the Arctic. Our gratitude to those brave men who risked their lives to bring us out can never be expressed. □



THE CANADIAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

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TO

THE BEAVER

in recognition of an excellent contribution to the development of history

en reconnaissance de son excellente contribution au développement de l'histoire

President / Président

Date June 6, 1980

Secrétaire / Secretary

Date 6 June 1980

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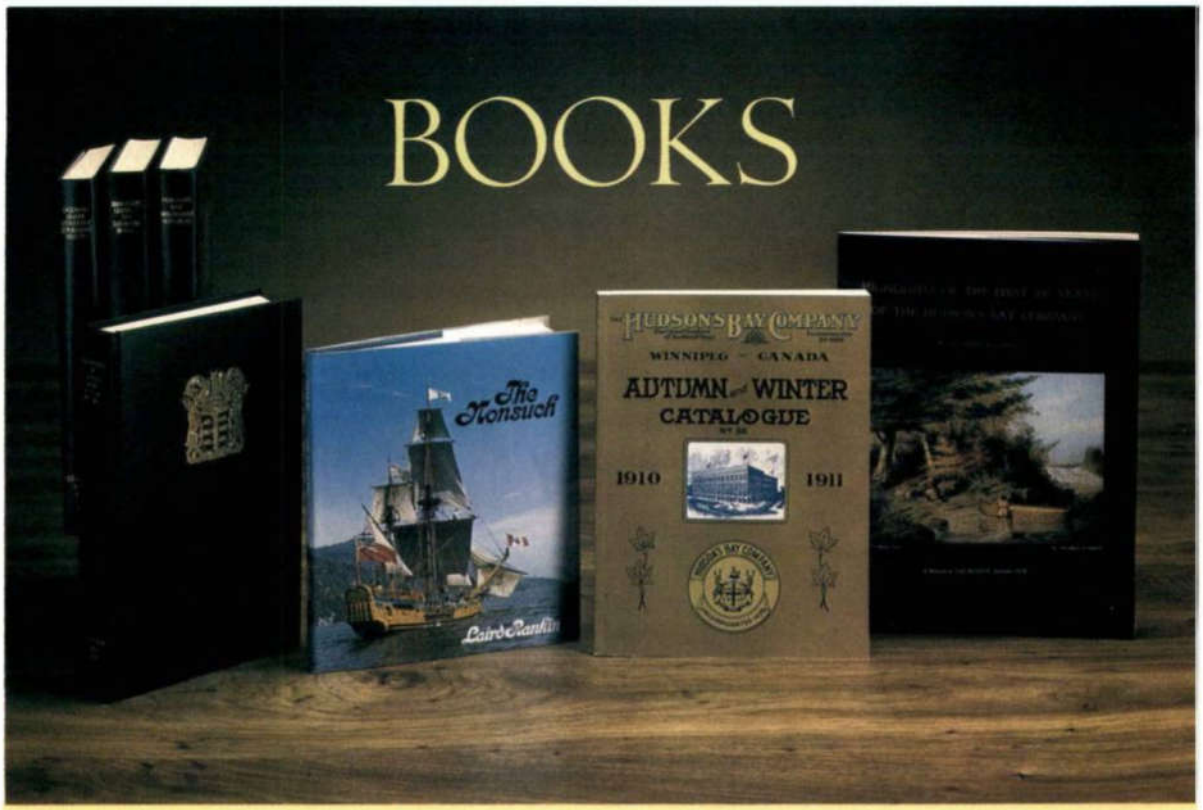

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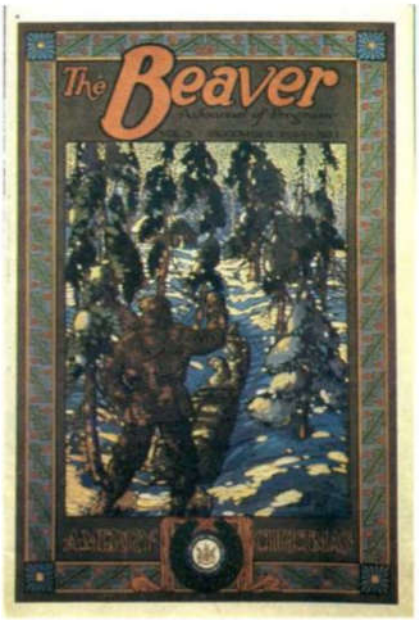

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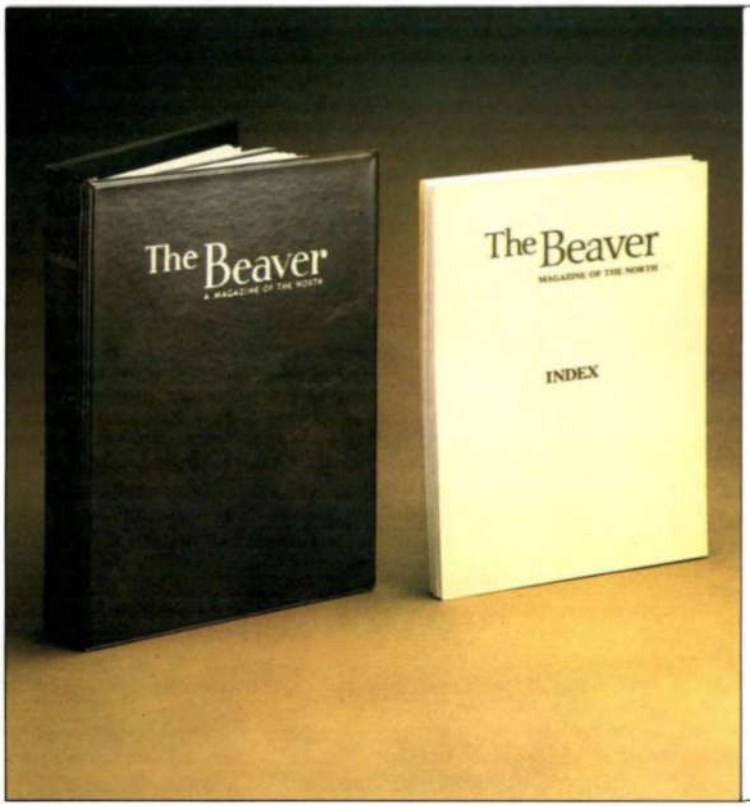

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